

Quick Fix

The Monthly Journal of
Punk and Hardcore Music
Internet Culture

May 2007

NEVER AGAIN?



Welcome to the much delayed May 2007 issue of Quick Fix Fanzine. I had pretty much everything ready to go on time this issue but forces out of my control caused some havoc in my life. We are going have to take a short break and come back on August 1st 2007. This is great project that is working. I'm not having problems getting material. I just need to secure a pool of writers so that when a couple can't make the monthly deadline, the others can pick up the slack. So if you are reading this and are looking for an outlet to express yourself...why don't you give this a shot? OK this is issue is photo heavy (the way it should be!). People are out there taking great pictures and I'm trying to get more of them to present there stuff here. Check out the center piece of this issue, The Cross Laws March Tour Diary. Never heard of them? Your loss. It's a great piece of reading of life on the road...I have a new feature called "Ten Generic Questions" which I of course I ripped off other 'zines who have done it before. I think it'll be an easy way for some new bands to get a little exposure.

So get to it...and go to some shows this summer. A shitload of bands are touring and need your support. Get out and have fun...back August 1st! -Dave K.

Take care, Dave K./Hardware Media And Radio

Cover design by Dave K.

**Fanzine concept, design,
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bad editing, misspellings, etc,
etc...by Dave K.**

...make an effort...

show your hardware! -septic death

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My Space Bad, YouTube Good, But Why?

MySpace Bad

I just got Maximum Rock n Roll #288 and there is a lot of discussion of MySpace and band websites in there and it got me thinking about MySpace and my feelings about it. For anyone that has ever listened to my podcast Flying Monkey Radio, you know my feelings, I have said many times that I think MySpace is evil. The thing is if MySpace isn't evil, the guy who owns it surely is. In case you live under a rock, Rupert Murdoch, the owner of News Corp, the parent company of Fox and Fox news owns MySpace. No it is not your "friend" Tom. If punk types in 2007 are really rebelling against anything but their parents. They are rebelling against Rupert Murdoch and everything he stands for. Yet if you go on MySpace every damn diy band, label and magazine (except of course Maximum Rock n Roll) have a MySpace page.

For the record, I do have a MySpace page, not really a page because I have changed nothing on it and Tom is my only friend, but yes I do have a log in and password. I got it so I could use the MySpace email system to talk to unsigned bands. The Fake Friends thing that people do on MySpace makes no damn sense to me. Granted, it has rekindled my secret love of Joan Jett as that "Fake Friends" song goes through my head everytime I check out someone's MySpace page

I admit that MySpace has a pretty sweet deal with bands allowing them to stream songs and all that and I have had people tell me that they have received emails from people all over the world and gained fans through MySpace. I have no problem with the service. I am not one of those people who is so stuck in the past that my music has to be on vinyl and my fanzine on paper. Again, I get the service that MySpace provides, I am just not sure it is worth getting in bed with the devil to get it. Why can't someone else start a service that is a MySpace type thing for bands that are diy and people living the ideals that punk thinks are important? Where is our technological Ian MacKaye? I run 410Media and manage updating the streaming audio shows and the inline player content that we have. While I have some technical expertise, I certainly don't have the talent to put together the punk rock, MySpace, but I do have enough skills to know that there is someone out there that can do it for us.

YouTube Good

I know that this doesn't jive with my opinions on MySpace, but I think YouTube has the potential to be the tool that helps bring media back into the

hands of the people. I know it is also owned by some giant corporation, in this case Google, but the potential to cheaply get the word out using YouTube is fantastic.

I am thinking of the fallout around that idiot Don Imus and the moronic, racist thing that he said on his radio show about the Rutgers women's basketball team. Pre- YouTube, the only people that would have ever seen him say that nonsense would have been his knucklehead fans who watched the show on MSNBC. Why anyone would watch a radio show makes no sense to me, but that is beside the point. Pre-YouTube, the news would have gotten out, the papers would have been afraid to publish what he really said, so they would have said something generic like "he uttered racial epithets". When really he said some really racist and sexist things and the whole world saw it. There was no way he could run from it.

This lesson should have been learned by Don Imus by the whole Michael Richard's racist rants last year. Without the video landing on YouTube the most this would have been was rumors that Kramer was racist that would have gone away the next week, but with YouTube everyone saw exactly what he did and his career was over. I would wager the difference between the effects Michael Richard's rant had on his career is much greater than the rant that Mel Gibson made against Jews because Kramer was video taped and Braveheart wasn't.

Both of these are pretty trivial incidences really. Both of them center around pop culture figures. I would argue that they expose the racism that we all know is boiling just underneath the shell in America. But if the underground and punk uses YouTube and other services like it right, think about what could be exposed. Right now if you search for slaughterhouse you will see some disgusting videos of what goes on in slaughterhouses world wide. Animal rights activist can embed these videos in their webpages right now and let folks know their message.

But what is the difference?

I know that someone will email me and tell me that they don't understand the fundamental difference between YouTube and MySpace. I admit the services that MySpace can offer an unknown band do rival the ease that the YouTube service helps you spread your message. I also admit that both services are owned by giant corporations. Of course the easy distinction here is that only one of them employs that idiot Bill O'Reilly.

I guess the difference is two-fold. First Rupert Murdoch is far worse than anything Google has thrown at us. Secondly, it seems to me that what they are doing at MySpace can be easily replicated for diy types and we should be looking for that solution. The service that YouTube uses is replicable, but I don't see the need to replicate it because it allows you to embed the video in your own page.

Does all of this make sense? It does to me, but as I re-read the column, I don't know that it will to others. I guess what I am trying to say is that as we use these new technology tools we need to look at them in the same way that we have things in the non-tech world. We need to look at

them with the same standards that we do things in our daily life and make sure that the tools that we use live up to the values we want to live with.



Wow! This issue of Quick Fix was way late. All my fault but as usual I have many excuses. I have a fantastic new job now (since January) that while it's great for an easy commute, it busts up my day due to the hours. Between that and my family and other commitments, time is just short. As I said on the opening page, this will be the last issue until August 1st 2007. I'm also moving into my new office in the house and will be rebuilding on old computer that will be exclusively dedicated to the 'zine and flyer design. Hopefully, I'll actually learn how to use the damn programs to make the 'zine better!

I officially announced my book in April. It now has a "real" title, "New York Hardcore 1986-1993: The Way We Knew It". It's a pretty generic title though it made the impact I wanted. The MySpace page I set up for it: http://www.myspace.com/newyorkhardcore1986_1993 got besieged with requests and I got some more answers for the book. Very cool. I really hope to have the thing out by Christmas 2007. Check out the page for more details as they are coming...

I recently received a book in the mail worth your attention. Peter Kalafatis wrote a memoir called "A Rebel Life: Murder by The Rich". I wanted to check it out due to the fact that Peter was around in the NYC hardcore scene in the late 1980's/early 1990's and figured he would have a good story. Written like a novel, the main theme of the book is about the death of his brother and his dealing with it. Peter feels that his brother died (from a drug overdose) because he grew up in a situation of few choices, a situation caused by the wealthy in this country. Hence, the "Murder By The Rich" subtitle of the book. While I wouldn't agree 100% with that, he does make a lot of good points in his book coming to this conclusion. He has had some crazy experiences growing up, the "flashback" chapters are pretty intense. Getting stabbed in the back with a screwdriver cannot possibly be fun. I wish he would have spoke a little more of his time at shows and things like that, but that would have probably taken away from the theme here. This is an angry book, just the kind I like. It's definitely one to pick up. Get it at <http://arebellife.com>

To close this out, the local music that I have been talking about for a long time is finally open. The Treehouse is located in Lawrenceville, GA (conveniently on a main road between Atlanta and Athens) and looks to have a bright future. We had our first show there the other night and it was a big success. The summer promises to be full of great shows. We are trying really hard to make bands see that the Atlanta area is a great place to stop on their tour. Please contact the MySpace page below for possible booking. We are pretty open minded on the various styles of music within the punk and hardcore genre and alot of kids show up...check it out!

Well, til next time...I'm looking forward to a summer of family, fun, shows, book writing, comic books, women's roller derby...it doesn't end really...take care -Dave K.

INTERVIEW WITH CHRIS AND XAKK OF... UNDERCURRENTS RADIO

Tune in to KVSC every Tuesday night at 10pm for central minnesota's only (and therefore finest) punk/hardcore radio show - UNDERCURRENTS! Xakk G. Asphodel & Chris H. bring it to you each week...check it out! -Dave K.

How, why and when did this show start?

The show was started by the music director of the station in late 1994. He had just recently started listening to punk rock and wanted to create a specific show that would help promote what he was finding hidden in the station's haphazard collection. It was originally given a Thursday night slot from 1-2 am (real prime, huh?).

Have you been involved in anything else punk/hardcore related (bands/fanzines/show promotion)?

Can you hear the can of worms opening? Let's just make this short: Many bands, promoting/booking arseloads of shows, bein' general scenesters, traveling all over in the punk rock ways... so, yeah. We love it!

Why a punk and hardcore music radio show?

Self-explanatory - who WOULDN'T? Seriously, it's the best. Ever.

How do you decide what to play?

Generally, I (Xakk) kinda wing it. When I know a label's general approach, I do tend to check their stuff out with a little bias, but I also like to take chances based on arbitrary things like crappy (or good, depending) cover art. I like the underdogs, too - bands that are rough, not quite perfect or not palatable to the "cool kids" get my vote.

What kind of set up for broadcasting do you have at your disposal?

16,500 Watts of pure power, 70 mile radius, sweet station with lots of CD players, turntables and computers (DAT and Cassette, too, but man what a pain to play...).

What media do you prefer on your show (vinyl, CD, mp3, etc)?

CD and vinyl, mainly. Rare mp3s make it, and as I said, we CAN do cassette, but not often.

What do the other DJ's on the station think of your show?

Do we ever ask? Mostly, they know when NOT to tune in...

We all know that the 1980's was the best time for punk and hardcore in general. Now that we are more than halfway in the 00's, what time period do you think is better: the 1990's or the 00's?



If we had to choose, we'd probably just ride the fence. Sucky, perhaps, but there hasn't been any overriding argument to convince either of us that one is/was better. Classic bands from the 90s come to mind, but there are some damn fine outfits now, too! (No, we won't give recommendations here - check our playlists!)

Are there any good bands to look out for in your area?

Hell yeah! Now, we CAN make some suggestions, but it'll be a limited list, not exhaustive: The Argument!, Red Satyrs (RIP, unfortunately), Dillinger Four, Midnight Evils (recently dissolved...), Baby Guts, Ripsnorter, The Soviettes, Mezzofist, Left Hand Path, Ganglion, Off With Their Heads, Red Phone Dispatch, Holly Wood Homicide, The Offset, and on and on... To clarify, "our area" includes St. Cloud AND the Twin Cities (our broadcast reaches there), so we could take up HUGE amounts of this site...

What kind of reaction are you getting from broadcasting on-line? Any weird requests?

Not much, unfortunately... Occasional hippies who aren't paying attention to what the hell we're doing.

Where do you think the future of internet radio and podcasting is heading?

I'm (Xakk) a Luddite and Chris doesn't know. But it will be overshadowed by Clear Channel, no matter what, so we're ready to dive underground...

What are your favorite internet radio shows/podcasts that you listen to regularly?

N/A (Xakk wishes he could listen to Out of Step [Radio K] and Kevin Seconds personal stuff).

Any advice for the up and coming internet radio DJ?

If you play good stuff, they will come!

<http://www.myspace.com/undercurrentskvsc>

interview with My Punk Rock Radio



Mike here has a bit of a different concept of the podcast. He's using his MySpace page to broadcast. Broken into 4 parts, you can cut into the show at any segment you wish. He has been playing mostly newer punk bands found on MySpace and having a link to each on the playlist. I hope he keeps this one up and running, we need more new shows like this! -Dave K.

How, why and when did this show start?

I started the show in December of 2006 out of boredom and a need to fill my Mp3 player with some new tunes. I know that Myspace allows bands to post up to 5 songs and its up to the bands weather or not they want to give these tracks to fans by making them downloads. I wasn't finding many of my favorite bands that were allowing their tracks to be free downloads so I looked for bands, punk bands, that did. I was finding great stuff by bands all over the world that I have never heard of before, most of them anyway. I thought it would be great if someone made a list and shared it with other punks that were sick of listening to the same old stuff too. Up until I started this show punk was starting to get stale to me. Living in northern NJ, there is no punk scene here, so its hard to keep up with any up and coming new bands.

Have you been involved in anything else punk/hardcore related (bands/fanzines/show promotion)?

I've been in a bunch of punk bands since high school, nothing more then having fun came out of them. I'm looking to start a band again. Know any drummers?

Why a punk and hardcore music radio show?

Thats what I like.

How do you decide what to play?

The bands have to allow free downloads on their myspace media player. I must be able to download the song to play it, so I know that the listeners can go download it if they like what they hear, and I must like it of course. Then in the blog portion of my page I list the weeks playlist and put a link in so you can go to that bands page and grab the tune or whatever else they offer. I'm going to start going outside of myspace for tracks in the next few shows.

What kind of set up for broadcasting do you have at your disposal?

I don't really broadcast, and I'm not a DJ. I have some home recording studio stuff I use to record. I record the show, convert it to Mp3 and upload it to myspace.

What media do you prefer on your show (vinyl, CD, mp3, etc)?

For the show its Mp3s, because the show is about bands that offer free downloads, but personally I prefer to buy vinyl.

We all know that the 1980's was the best time for punk and hardcore in general. Now that we are more than halfway in the 00's, what time period do you think is better: the 1990's or the 00's?

I am hearing alot of good bands right now. So I'd say right now is the best time for punk! Its such a good mix of old and new styles.

Are there any good bands to look out for in your area?

In my area no. There are no bands in my area, but out in NYC there are a bunch! I got to see WWIX and The Blackout Shoppers recently, Great bands live and on disc. The Ray Gradys from Philly played too that night, they are a Very good band! Lots of good stuff form Long Island and Staten Island, The Lucky Fucks, Quarter Life Crisis, Down in the Dumps, The Blame and Wheezing Stumblers. I haven't seen these guys play yet but I like their music alot! Faulty Conscience from Boston are AWESOME! Up in Rhode Island The Short Drop Method UK and from New Hampshire The Abortion Squad. Then out in Vegas you have The Mapes, a fun a hell band! I could go on and on but I'll stop here.

What kind of reaction are you getting from broadcasting on-line? Any weird requests?

Beside for nude photos, nothing weird.

Where do you think the future of internet radio and podcasting is heading?

Not sure, never thought about it.

What are your favorite internet radio shows/podcasts that you listen to regularly?

Pat Duncan on WFMU.org He is the best!

Any advice for the up and coming internet radio DJ?

Play what you want to hear and fuck everybody else!

<http://www.myspace.com/mypunkrockradio>

NEVER LOOKING BACK

NWHC is pretty legendary with bands like Champion, Trial, Blue Monday and Go it Alone. You can add one more band to the list of kick ass NWHC bands and that band is Never Looking Back. Detonate Records out of Connecticut is about to release their debut full length this June. I have seen NLB many times in the past year and every time I see them the band is tighter and the crowd more into it. Fans of bands such as Verse, Modern Life is War and Bane will be into this band. I sat down with the lead singer and brain child of the band last month and this is what he had to say. Kim PunkRock

Who are the members of the band and what do they do?

I am Jeremy and I do vocals. Kenny and Cory play guitar. Shannon plays bass and Josh plays drums.

How did you get into hardcore?

I grew up listening to bands like Lagwagon, Good Riddance, Pennywise and NOFX. I was never really exposed to much hardcore at all growing up. My friends and I would just listen to Fat Wreckords and Epitaph bands and ride our bikes. My senior year in high school (1999) I borrowed a cd from a friend. The band was Trial. That is the band that got me into hardcore. I like bands like Good Riddance because the music they played was more than music. They had amazing lyrics about real things. Trial was that plus more to me. From there I found more and more hardcore bands and found that there were more and more bands out there writing and singing songs about things I could relate to. That is what attracted me to hardcore. It was a bunch of kids that found a place they can go and be themselves and sing along to songs and be stupid and angry all at the same time. It just made sense to me. So I started going to shows and here I am. Now I am singing in a hardcore band.

What things in your life led to Never Looking Back?

Kenny and I were in a band called Perfect Enemy a few years ago. When that band broke up Kenny and I always talked about starting a melodic hardcore band. We were in other bands between that band and Never Looking Back but still we talked about starting this band. So Kenny just started writing songs and I started writing lyrics. Once we had some songs we found people to play with us. Those songs we wrote were the songs on our demo. That was how Never Looking Back started.

What are some of the bands that had a profound effect on you?

Earlier in my life, Good Riddance was my favorite band. I listened to that band everyday. That was the first band I can remember having a huge effect on my life and how I thought. From there, like I mentioned earlier, Trial. I can't even begin to explain how that band changed me. The lyrics, the music, everything. It just all made sense to me. That band made me realize that music is more than just words and sounds. I got that a little bit from Good Riddance but not to the level that Trial showed me.



What bands are you currently listening to?

I listen to the new Have Heart a lot. Their cd was easily my favorite to come out last year. I've been listening to the new Brand New a lot. An amazing band from Portland called It Prevails just put out their debut full length. I have been listening to that band a lot in the last 6 months. I also listen to a lot of modern life is war.

Where in the world would you most like to play or tour?

I would love to go to the east coast. I have never really been there so that would be cool. But for me, if I could go tour anywhere, I would go to Europe. It would be awesome to see that part of the country and play shows here.

What are your views on sxe and how you got to be edge?

Straight Edge is a personal choice someone should make for themselves and no one else. I have been sxe pretty much my whole life. I tried drinking and found out really fast that it wasn't for me. I never had any reason or want to try any drugs. This is just how I have always been.

Is NLB a sxe band?

We are in no way a straight edge band. In fact, I am the only person in this band that is. The reason I got into hardcore was to get away from the labels and stereotypes. Yeah I am proud of the choices I have made for myself, but, it is my choice and mine alone. That is the beauty of hardcore to me. A bunch of people who are different outside the walls of a show can come together in one place and enjoy the same thing together. It shouldn't matter what you think, how you look, or how you dress. This is the one place that should be safe from those things. That is exactly what this band is. In this band we have people who are; straight edge, that drink, that smoke, that believe in god, that don't believe in god, that are male, that are female, that are different in so many ways. But we have all come together for one thing, this band. Those differences don't matter to us. What goes on when we play our songs is what matters.

What are your goals for NLB?

To play shows. To meet and make new friends. To have an outlet for us personally, whether it is; fear, love, anger, discontent, whatever. To give one person the same feeling I have gotten from some of the bands that have influenced me. Have fun with our friends. We have no real goal. To be honest, when we started we just wanted to play music we like and share it with our friends. Now it has turned into us putting out our first full length. We just got back from our first tour. Labels are interested in us. People requesting us on local radio. It is overwhelming at times. We don't really know how to react to it other than being like giddy little kids. So I can't really say what a goal is for us because in the first year as a band, we have already exceeded what we wanted to get out of this band. So what happens from here is being decided as we go.

What are some immediate future plans for NLB?

We are working on putting out our first full length titled, Fragile Hearts. We are having a cd release weekend June 15th through the 17th for it. A few labels are interested in putting it out. Who will be putting it out will hopefully be released by the end of April. We want to go out on the road again in April. Other than that we just want to play a bunch of shows and make some more new friends.

Any thing else you would like to add?

Some of our friend's bands are also in the process of recording and/or putting out a new cd. So please look out for releases from these bands if you get the chance; Open Fire, I Declare War, Left Alive, It Prevails, American Me and a bunch more that are probably slipping my mind. Thanks a lot for doing this interview for us. Thanks to everyone who has come out to see us. It means more than you will ever know. If you got a few free minutes go to www.myspace.com/neverlookingbackhc and check out some new songs off of our full length.

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the CROSS LAWS

march 2007 tour diary



with Government warning
and wasted time
by Dan Dead metaphor

Thursday, March 8: Raleigh, NC to Richmond, VA

I woke up this morning with a weird feeling in my stomach. Was this really the day I was going to leave for tour? Cross Laws hadn't even played an out of town show yet and we were about to embark on a 10-day tour with two of the best bands in the world right now, Wasted Time and Government Warning. Further, I had never even so much as tagged along for a tour, so I was sure that there would be tons of things I would either forget or, worse, not even think about until it's too late. I was nervous all morning but I had to keep telling myself "it's ok, everything will work out."

Around noon Kelly and I drove out to the airport to pick up the minivan I rented for the tour. It turns out that it's much cheaper to rent a car or a van from the rental office at the airport, but there are notices all over the Budget web site saying that you may have to provide a flight number to prove that you're actually traveling by air. Since I live 15 miles from the airport I, of course, have no such number and as I walk up to the counter I'm sweating bullets about whether they'll ask for it. They don't and I get the keys to our Dodge minivan. When I open the door it looks positively huge. It currently has a little over 900 miles on it and definitely has plenty of that "new car smell" left. It's a little awkward driving it at first but I make it home, load up my equipment and say a sad goodbye to Kelly.

I'm running about half an hour late as I pull up to the practice space and see everyone sitting there, excited as hell. Hank of Thrashatorium fame, who is serving as roadie/merch guy for the tour, is dressed to the nines; he even refers to his own clothes as a "costume" at one point. Since we haven't really gotten to practice in a while we decided to run through a handful of songs, including the cover of "Vengeance" by the Fix that we'll be debuting live for the first time tonight. We only played four or five songs but they sounded great and really tight (for us, at least) so we were in good spirits as we began to pack up the van.

None of us had ever been on a tour before, so we didn't have any concept of what we needed to bring. We tend to sound a lot better with our own equipment, so the plan was to try and fit the full drum set as well as guitar and bass cabs in the minivan if at all possible. Seeing the GW/WT crew loading into their 12-passenger van the next day made me realize that our minivan wasn't designed with touring punk bands in mind. Still, with a little effort we managed to pack everything into the van, seemingly without an inch to spare.

As we were about to hit the road we got a call from Brandon (who was setting up the show tonight) asking for a status report. It turned out that we probably should have left Raleigh at least an hour earlier than we actually did, but we still had a little bit of time to spare. Brandon also told us that our t-shirts, which were being printed by my friend Eric, wouldn't be ready for tonight's show and it would be cutting it close to have them ready by the time we leave for Pittsburgh the next morning. While this was a minor annoyance, I wasn't that worried about it. For some reason or another, I never been 100% comfortable with the idea of making Cross Laws shirts. Wouldn't it be completely weird to see someone wearing a shirt of your own band? It would blow my mind and of course it would be rad, but what would you say to that person? I'm probably over thinking this, but it seems like a weird situation.

We finally hit the road and stop for dinner in South Hill, VA, home of the last Bojangles on I-85. However, we don't get biscuits as we'd decided previously that we would try to eat as healthy as possible this tour. For whatever reason, Cross Laws tends to be highly affected by our physical state at any given time. If any of us is drinking or even eating really heavy food we almost always suck that night (except maybe Dennis, who always seems to do just fine). The plan is to get food from grocery stores rather than fast food restaurants wherever possible, which has the added benefit of being cheaper. Unfortunately the only grocery store at this exit is a Super Wal-Mart, but we stop there anyway. Immediately throwing the health thing out the window, I get a couple of boneless buffalo wings, some potato wedges and a 12-pack of Pepsi that will last me the entire tour. Dennis and Hank follow my lead and Matt stays on the wagon for now.

As the Richmond skyline appears on the horizon, we're frantically trading phone calls with Brandon and Eric. The plan was to make 2 shirt designs for the tour, but Eric says that only 1 of the screens turned out ok, and he wants us to approve it before he starts printing shirts. Brandon is nervous about the show starting on time and asks us to go right to the show. Since playing always takes precedence on tour, we hit the Bone Zone.

As we start to load in I realize that I've forgotten both of the distro boxes full of 7's that I packed from the tour, including the limited Christian Club records that I spent the last day making and putting together. D'oh! Thankfully I still had the box of Cross Laws 7" and all of my distro 12's, but I was pissed there for a minute. Not knowing how much money, if any, we would make at these shows I was really bummed that I left those behind. Oh well, I tried to put it out of my



CROSS LAWS
CROSS LAWS

mind but I couldn't help whining a little bit.

Brandon put together the show last minute for us, though Wasted Time and GW are using it as a tour kick-off as well. Even though the show was just announced that day the place was pretty packed when we got there. A new straight edge band from Richmond called Mind Vise opened and it was their first show. They play really basic, sloppy hardcore sort of like DYS and they seem to have a lot of fun. Since Cross Laws definitely won't make as much money as WT/GW on this tour and it's a hometown show for them, Brandon kindly gives us all of the door money right before we play, which turns out to be a pretty impressive sum and the most we'll make of any date on the tour.

I was starting to get kind of nervous as we set up our stuff. While I think that Cross Laws is, in general, a pretty good band, we are very unpredictable live. I'm sure this is the same with any band, but sometimes everything clicks and sometimes we just suck. Try as we might, we haven't been able to ascertain any sort of pattern. I always know ten seconds into the first song whether it'll be a shitty show or a good one, and the anticipation of those ten seconds is where most of the nerves come from. Tonight, miraculously, turns out to be a good night; a really good night, in fact. Every time I look up from my guitar I see Brandon pounding his fist and/or circle pitting. He seems determined that we're going to have a good show, and that really means a lot to me. As the set goes on we have some equipment troubles (Dennis breaks a bass string and Matt's cymbals inexplicably fall apart) but we make it through just fine and people seem stoked.

After we finish playing it dawns on me that Raleigh is kind of a weird place. Everyone seems to like us in Raleigh but we've never been a band that people lose their minds for, like Double Negative are and Street Sharks were. I'd rationalize this in various ways in my head, but looking out at the crowd tonight made it all click. These people "get it." One great thing about Raleigh is that all sorts of kids' crusties, hc kids, pop-punkers, and some just plain 'ol weirdos—come out to shows, but the vast majority of them aren't into hardcore enough to really care about the tradition and history of the genre. I think that, to some extent, our band depends on that kind of knowledge even though it's not like we're trying to rip off some particular band from the early 80s. This paragraph probably didn't make any sense at all, but I felt it when I was playing in Richmond and I felt it several other times over the course of the tour.

After we played I got to watch the first of many Wasted Time and Government Warning sets. Mick had to work late so there was some doubt as to whether WT would play, but he walked into the Bone Zone in his button-down shirt and played what was probably my favorite Wasted Time set to date. They played several songs off of the upcoming 7" and they blew my mind a little slower in places but even more driving and powerful. For the past few months Wasted Time have been on a tear and I think to myself how lucky I am to see them so many times in the next few days. After WT rocks the house Government Warning tears into it like only they can. Kenny is sick so it isn't the best I've seen them, but it's tough for GW to be anything but great.

After selling a good amount of merch we load the van back up and I drop the other guys off at Brandon's house. The plan is for them to get a good night's sleep while I stay at Eric's and help him finish up the shirts. Before we leave I give Brandon a Cross Laws 7". He plays it for the first time and seems genuinely excited, which gets me genuinely excited. I get back to Eric's and we re-do the 2nd t-shirt screen, which turns out really well, and head out to Wal-Mart to get a few more shirts. It's funny, I swore off shopping at Wal-Mart about 4 years ago, but I ended up going there twice today. Oh well, I guess that tour is full of moral compromises.

March 9: Richmond, VA to Pittsburgh, PA

Eric and I work on the shirts until about 3:30 AM, when I break down and crash on the couch. I wake up around 9:30 groggy as hell and all of our shirts are piled neatly in a cardboard box. He gave us a little scare, but I knew Eric wouldn't let us down. I wandered over to 7-11 to get a cup of coffee and a blueberry muffin and by 11:00 I was back at Brandon's. Everyone was awake but not quite ready to head out the door, so I played a couple of rounds of Guitar Hero. I had never played that game before because I feared how much I would love it. It's true, I flipped out over it and I decided then and there that once this semester is over I'm buying that game and vegging out for a week.

We finally get in the van and of course there were 1,000 little piddly things we had to do before we left town. We went to the health food store where most of our friends work and grabbed some breakfast, and for some reason we were appointed to get Eric's guitar from Tony Bitch's trunk. Why is this the responsibility of the touring band? Not sure, but I imagine there was a good explanation at the time. We also hit the guitar shop for bass strings and cables and ran by staples to grab a few things we forgot, like a cash box and an atlas, both of which come in very handy later in the tour. Eventually we're on the road to Pittsburgh. Despite only stopping twice (once for lunch and gas at the Wawa in Fredericksburgh, VA, and once at that bizarre little rest stop town in PA called Breezeway, I think), we're pressed for time and arrive at the Mr. Roboto Project just about the time that the show is supposed to start.

Ed from Brain Handle, who is setting up the show, lets us know that we're on first and we need to play in 10 minutes if at all possible, so we load out in hyper-speed and set up. I was really thankful that Ed put us on the show so I wanted to play a really good set, but unfortunately it wasn't in the cards for tonight. I don't think we totally sucked, but we were definitely sloppy from sitting in the van all day and not eating any dinner. People just kind of stared at us while we played. Oh well.

Watched the rest of the bands and they ruled. Pyramid Scheme from Pittsburgh (I think) played next and totally ripped it up. Very, very fast and tight as well. Brain Handle was 3rd and they blew my mind. I like their records a lot (especially their track on No Bullshit Volume 2) but they are a different beast live. They flail around and generally lose their minds, which is awesome to watch. Wasted Time play next and tear everyone a new one. Between WT and GW it comes to light that someone has lost the keys to the GW/WT van and things get way tense for a moment, but everything is cool when they're found in someone's pocket. WT plays a good set, but between a muted crowd reaction and Kenny being so sick that he almost puked on stage the vibe was a little weird.

After the show we stood at the merch table for a while, but aside from a couple of distro records we didn't sell shit for merch (thankfully the door money was surprisingly good, though). Over the tour I noticed a strong correlation between how well I thought we played and how much merch we would sell. On the nights when we ruled nearly everyone would walk out with a Cross Laws 7" in their hand, but on nights like tonight we were lucky to sell 5 7"s.

After the show we caravanned to the house where everyone was staying. I was hoping that there would be a party house and a non-party house as I was pretty beat after a 6-hour drive, but it was not to be. Once we made it there everyone decided to go out to some famous Pittsburgh hot dog place. I tagged along despite the fact that I wasn't hungry, as I didn't want to be the only touring band member sitting in the house with a bunch of locals. It's a good thing that I filled up on trail mix from the gas station, too, because it turned out that this hot dog place totally sucked and everyone who ate there was dissatisfied with their food and the service.

As we were walking back to the house we had one of those four moments that you don't know whether to classify as hilarious or totally shitty. Matt, Hank and I were talking with Zach from Wasted Time, and out of nowhere I hear this really loud DOINK! sound. I look up and Matt has walked straight into a street sign, just like in a cartoon. It would have been fucking hilarious except for the fact that his brand new glasses get broken and he gets a pretty sweet cut under his right eye. Understandably, Matt's mood goes sour and I grow more determined to get away from everyone and get some sleep.

That definitely isn't happening in this house, as I check out all three floors and people are raging in every room. Since it's a sketchy neighborhood anyway I decide that I'm going to sleep in the van, not a terribly comfortable proposition since none of the seats fold all the way down. Then, while getting my sleeping bag out I set off the car's alarm, which causes the cops to show up and I have to deal with them, which really sucks. Eventually I get situated and zonk out almost immediately, waking up to Dennis knocking on the car window at 9AM. Time to leave for Chicago!

CROSS LAWS



March 10: Pittsburgh, PA to Chicago, IL

I think that all of us were downright scared of the drive from Pittsburgh to Chicago. Not only was it one of the longest drives we would make the whole tour, but also this was one of the few shows (actually, it turned out to be the only show) that we weren't playing with Government Warning and Wasted Time. So, I guess it actually mattered whether we got to this one on time or not. As I mentioned at the end of my last update, Dennis knocked on the window of the van bright and early at 9AM and we were off. None of us had any idea where we were in Pittsburgh, so the atlas we bought the day before came in handy as we looked for the interstate. Without too much trouble we were on the road and looking for somewhere to get some breakfast. This was one of those toll roads with travel plazas so stopping at a grocery store was pretty much out of the question, which meant that we were stuck with the travel plazas. There was a MacDonald's at the first one we stopped at and I grabbed a sausage biscuit, narrowly beating the small army of senior citizens who were about to comprise the restaurant's customer base for at least the next hour. Once we were past that stop I'm pretty sure we stopped at the very next travel plaza, which was a much nicer one with a Starbucks (feeding our coffee addiction was very important this tour!) and an Au Bon Pain. Bonus.

The rest of the drive was uneventful. We ate lunch in a travel plaza and I had a foot-long chili dog from Dairy Queen, which didn't exactly treat me right. By the time we could see the Chicago skyline (after driving through Dennis' most-hated city: Gary, Indiana) all of us were pretty damn sick of travel plazas. However, we were 3 or 4 hours early for the show, so there was plenty of time to wander around and find something a little healthier to eat.

Once we got out of the van at the Humility Gallery, where the show would take place, I realized one important thing I'd forgotten: phone numbers for all of my contacts. My buddy (and fellow blogger) Ryan Leary had gotten us on this show but I had no idea what his phone number was. I called home to Kelly and she couldn't find it on the computer, so I thought we were screwed. As we made all of these phone calls we wandered around the gallery's neighborhood and found a nice little hipster coffee shop where I got a latte and a salad. That salad felt amazing going down, like it was cleaning my veins as I ate it.

While we were eating in the coffee shop we got a call from the GW/WT crew saying that one of them had found Ryan's number in his phone, so we gave him a call. Ryan informed us that Benny from No Slogan was cooking a vegan dinner for all of the touring bands. Even though we had just eaten we were way stoked at the idea of getting more healthy food in our bellies, so I gave Benny a call and he came out to the gallery and led us back to his house. When we got to Benny's I was downright amazed. Benny has a fucking crib! The ceilings were 10 or 12 feet high, everything was very tastefully decorated and the kitchen was bigger and nicer than what I've seen in a lot of restaurants. It was clear that a lot of work had gone into their home so I made a point to ask about it. Benny glowed when he was talking about all the work he'd put into the place and I was stoked to hear about it.

We were playing the show tonight with Acid Reflux from New York, and another thing that got Chicago off to a great start was meeting those guys. I don't know what it was, but when we walked in Benny's door we immediately hit it off with those guys, which was a good thing since we would be meeting back up with them later in the tour. We bonded over our love for razzing one another about everything and our bewilderment at the popularity of certain other New York bands. By the time we headed back to the gallery it felt like we were old friends. Oh, and Ryan Leary was also chilling at Benny's, unrecognizable with his new beard. I had a long conversation with him and his girlfriend as well, and we also really hit it off with Sarah from Albion House, where GW and WT were playing the next day. As we piled back into the van all we could talk about was how much we loved Chicago.

Unfortunately it had started to rain a little by the time we loaded in, which didn't help since the load into the back of the gallery was already muddy, steep and awkward. Thankfully there was room for all of the bands to bring their equipment into the space so at least we didn't have to load in as other bands were trying to load out. Aside from being a little damp and cold, the Humility Gallery is an amazing venue. For whatever reason, most houses don't really have basements in our part of the country, and the ones that do have basements are generally much



smaller than what we saw in the midwest. The Humility Gallery's basement seemed like it could've easily held 150 people, and while it wasn't totally packed to the gills it felt full, which was surprising given that there was another similar show happening at Albion House the next day.

The show started pretty quickly. The Muzzled from Indiana played first and while they seemed like nice enough guys they have a lot of work to do in the songwriting and tightness departments (look who's talking!). They played kind of chunky straight edge HC that I'm at a loss for comparisons to maybe Unit Pride or Up Front? Actually, I was bummed to find out that their name was the Muzzled, because I thought they were called the Muzzles, which would have been a much more awesome name for a tough straight edge band. Unfortunately I've forgotten the name of the second band who played. They played solid Razorcake-y punk a most bands on No Idea Records. Not really my style, but they played it well.



We played next and I was a little nervous. These people had shown us so much hospitality that I really wanted to rock their socks. Plus, they had treated us like a band that actually should be touring and asking people for money in exchange for performing, a group which I'm still not quite sure we've joined. We sucked it up, though, and with the room full of good vibes and our stomachs full of good food we played a pretty ripping set. We definitely sold a lot of 7's that night, so I think that means we did something right.

After we played, though, came the real treats. I'd been waiting to see Acid Reflux for a long time and they didn't disappoint. They are wild men on stage and their songs sound even better live than they do on that amazing, amazing demo tape. Chicago's own No Slogan finished the show with a set that was extremely powerful despite numerous equipment troubles. Benny looked as if he was going to break the mic he was squeezing it so hard you could tell that he was feeling it very, very deeply, which is a rarity in punk rock these days.

After the show was over I hung out at the merch table shooting the shit with the No Slogan and Acid Reflux guys. At one point Matt called me a monkey or some other stupid redneck slur and Benny interpreted that as an open invitation to shit-talk us for being southern for the rest of the time we were there. He said that the Pope on our shirts was really an Imperial Wizard and the master stroke came when he renamed our band "Cross Lawns." Benny is a genius and he had me in stitches whenever he was in the room. Zach from Acid Reflux also cracked us up repeatedly with his drawings, especially the one of Michael Jordan as a giraffe. If you want to see another example of his work, check the insert to the recently-released Acid Reflux EP.

Another person who was bro-ing down hard at the show was Jordan from the Pedestrians, who asked if we were coming out to this bar that was having a punk night. I guess that touring bands don't usually want to go out to bars, but we were having the time of our lives so we said fuck yeah and hopped into the van (well, it wasn't exactly that easy or that quick, but you get the picture). This bar it had one of the coolest DJs ever; I can remember him playing songs by the Adolescents, the Effigies, Articles of Faith, Naked Raygun all the hits. He even played a COC song especially for us North Carolinians, which ruled. The only problem with the bar excursion was the fact that I had exactly two dollars in my wallet, which I quickly spent on a single PBR. However, people kept buying me shots of whiskey and beers, and after us saying how awesome this bar was for the 1000th time the bartender started giving us anything we wanted for free. Free reign over the bar when you're having that good of a time is always a mixed blessing, and by the time it closed around 3 I was completely hammered.

However, the party wasn't over yet. The Acid Reflux guys (who had been on tour a bit longer than us) went back to Albion House with Sarah to get some rest, and Benny and the rest of us went around the corner to this little hole-in-the-wall record store. The DJ followed us from the bar and kept spinning records in the back room of the store. This room was about as big as a walk-in closet and it was now crammed full of about 25 drunk people, of which I may very well have been the drunkest. Honestly, I have very little recollection of what happened at this location.

Eventually my alcohol consumption started to get the better of me and I wandered outside to get some fresh air and possibly to puke. Thankfully the latter didn't happen, and eventually the party broke up and everyone came outside. Benny, being the genius that he is, sensed that we could probably use some non-liquid sustenance, so he took us to White Castle.

This is where the story gets interesting. It's now about 4AM and who gets the urge for White Castle at 4AM? People who are just as wasted as us, that's who! At this point I can barely stand up, so I yell out a general request for a few of those cute little cheesburgers and go sit down. As I look up, I see a hazy image of our party being fucked with by some jock. I don't know exactly what was happening, but the guy kept screaming at Matt "people nowadays don't know how to GET LOUD! CAN YOU GET LOUD?" I sensed the stupidity of it as the words were coming out of my mouth, but that didn't stop me from yelling "hey man, you need to shut the fuck up" from across the room. Of course the guy flips out. He starts screaming about how he's a marine (yeah right!) and he got shot at in Iraq for ungrateful bastards like me. His friend, who seemed to be slightly less wasted, was trying to calm the guy down. Realizing that I was in no condition for a fight, I tried to smooth over the situation, which didn't work too well. In retrospect, I realized that if the guy wanted to fight me



CROSS LAWS

he could've just clocked me at the very start, so he probably just wanted something to yell and whine about. Oh, and he also kept yelling about how they had us outnumbered even though there were 2 of them and 5 of us. At least I don't forget how to do elementary school-level math when I'm drunk.

Then, right when all of us think that the situation is completely over, out of nowhere the seemingly sane friend leaps at Benny and takes a swing at him. All of us jump on it and thankfully we break up the fight rather than continuing it. The guy is still flipping out, screaming at Benny, "who the fuck do you think you are looking so tough?" Benny, of course, was just standing there trying his best to ignore all of the total wastoids in the room, which is apparently a crime on the south side of Chicago.

The employees at White Castle called the cops, which made me a little nervous. However, when they got there they didn't even look in our direction. The cop walked up to the guy who claimed to be a Marine and said "I know who you are and I know where you live." I guess he's a local. So they got kicked out and we ate the rest of our meal, laughing at the stupidity of the whole situation.

Once cheesburgers were consumed we made our way back to Benny's and pulled out our sleeping bags. The floor felt amazing that night, and the next thing I knew someone was waking me up because it was noon.

March 12: Chicago, IL

As you can imagine, I wasn't feeling too hot when I woke up the next morning. It was slow going getting everyone up and moving, but the situation was helped a great deal by Benny's girlfriend Nancy, who made coffee for all of us and went out and bought us a breakfast of fresh fruit and Mexican pastries. Benny kept calling the pastries "cracker bread," but I liked them a lot better than any pastries I've had in Mexico. I guess that's because I'm a cracker. Oh well.

We spent most of the morning (or early afternoon, as it were) hanging around Benny's. He wanted to play me a few rare old Chicago records that he had, and somewhere along the line the conversation turned to Spanish punk. I have virtually no knowledge of that stuff, so Benny played me some early Eskorbuto stuff and their split with RIP, which completely knocked my socks off. I've been looking for mp3s of that Eskorbuto / RIP split 12" ever since I got home. I haven't had any success yet, so if anyone has the infos please hook it up in the comments section.

The show that afternoon was starting at 4PM and Hank and Matt wanted to see the lakefront area, so we got directions from Benny and drove down to the loop. We paid too much for parking, grabbed a quick lunch from Potbelly's and made our way down to the new Millennium Park. Last time I was in Chicago this park wasn't completed, so it was really cool to see all of the new Frank Gehry architecture. The whole area felt like walking around a piece of art, but my favorite spot was the big, polished globe thing that allowed you to see a reflection of the city's skyline behind you. I don't know if the locals like this place or not, but I really enjoyed it. It was also cool seeing the remnants of ice on the lake I'd never seen ice on a body of water that large. Freaky.

We were all hung over from the night before, so walking around really wore us out. However, we had nowhere else to go but the show, so we piled back into the van and drove out to Albion House. We arrived with relatively few problems and met up with all the folks we met the day before. There was some talk of us following Acid Reflux to Milwaukee that day and it didn't happen, so everyone seemed stoked that we were hanging out in Chicago for another day. Since we were there already, Sarah offered to let us play a short set at the beginning of the show. However, given the fact that we were hung over and Matt had already drank half a bottle of wine since we got to Albion, we decided that we would let our relatively good set from the night before be the way that Chicago remembered us.

The show started on schedule with Chicago's Canadian Rifle getting things going. On the surface it seemed as this band was a little mismatched for the bill, but fuck if I'm not glad they played. I had heard a few mp3s from their demo and thought it sounded pretty good, but live these guys destroyed. They had a 17-year-old kid drumming for them who sounded like a fucking beast! He hit the skins harder than anyone I've seen other than Brandon from Government Warning. They also had

that big, complex two-guitar sound a la Leatherface that I'm a total sucker for. When bands pull that sound off it's just so big and powerful, and Canadian Rifle pull it off really well. I also like the imagery associated with the band; nearly everyone in Chicago was wearing a button that had the word "dreams" or "goals" with that Ø symbol over it.

Sometime after Canadian Rifle played, the Richmond crew arrived at the house and things really got started. Once again we got really good vegan food put in our bellies (thanks yet again, Sarah!) and walked around the upstairs of the house, which had at least 5 big distros in it, making it feel like an ad-hoc record store. We told the Richmond crew stories about Fight Castle and punk night at the bar and they told us similar stories about the bar in Cleveland owned and operated by one of the guys from the Inmates. Everyone's tour was going well and we were all stoked to see each other again.

I'm pretty sure Chronic Seizure played next and they knocked my socks off. They were playing in Minneapolis the day before, I think, and they kept saying how much they were bummed that they didn't get to see us. That was awesome, and it was crazy to me that they'd even heard of us. At any rate, their set was vicious. They are everything a hardcore band should be: fast and completely wild. I don't even know what else to say, but I was fucking impressed.

Somewhere around this time I wandered outside to give Kelly a call and while I was away Wasted Time played. I was bummed not to have caught them but I missed Kelly and talking to her totally re-energized me. When I got back to the house Chicago's Sin Orden was playing. While I'm not a gigantic fan of the style of hardcore they played, they were very striking live. They played with so much passion and power that I was bowled over. It was also great to hear them talk about their lyrics, as they have a very different perspective than the white-bread suburban punks that usually start bands.

Since I was in a much better mood I broke down and partook of the band beer cooler that we were invited to enjoy, and that made me feel remarkably better. I guess that hair of the dog stuff really is true. When Government Warning finally took the stage I was ready to see some hardcore and my god did they deliver. Kenny's illness seemed like it was dragging them down slightly in Richmond and Pittsburgh, but GW were animals in Chicago. They played one of the best sets I've ever seen them play, busting out all the hits. The crowd was wild as well; at one point near the end of the set Kenny got bumped into Eric's face and blood just started streaming out of his nose! Eric seemed alright, but damn was he bleeding!

After GW's set the show was over and it was only about 9PM if I remember correctly, which meant there was plenty of time left to party. I kept hitting the band beer and numerous shenanigans ensued, especially once most of the straight edge guys went on a pilgrimage to Wrigley Field. Brandon somehow got hold of a motorcycle helmet, which probably wasn't a bad idea because he tends to do insane things when he's drunk. Speaking of doing insane things when you're drunk, Eric jumped in a trash can and rolled all around in the trash. When we finally left around midnight I got really sad. We tried to take the obligatory crew photo, but everyone was so wasted that it didn't quite stick. Oh well, hopefully I'll see all of these people again one day soon.

Benny was leading us back to his house for another night there (I really hope we didn't overstay our welcome) and he stopped at an awesome Mexican restaurant near his neighborhood on the south side. Over some of the tastiest tortas I've ever had I finally got up the nerve to broach the subject of how the white and Latino punk scenes co-exist in Chicago. Both shows we attended were pretty much all-white bills with one Latino band added, and the Latino band seemed to draw their own crowd which didn't totally mix with the white crowd. Everyone watched all the bands and everyone seemed congenial, but there definitely seemed to be some tension there. As one might expect, Benny was very passionate about this subject and told us all kinds of crazy stories about the south side and north side scenes. While he was aggravated with many aspects of "white suburban punk," as he called it, I think that it's pretty awesome that Chicago has these two scenes and that they overlap as much as they do.

After that we crawled into our sleeping bags, exhausted once again and anticipating the drive up to Minneapolis the next day. That's where I'll pick up next time.



March 13: Chicago, IL to Minneapolis, MN

This was the day when everything went wrong. Based on tour diaries I've read in the past, every tour seems to have one and by golly, today was ours. We got up later than we planned and loaded our equipment from Benny's garage (where it had been residing so as to keep our van from getting broken into) into the van. Benny had to work that day so we only saw him briefly in the morning and just missed him as he came back from for his lunch break. Bummer. We were really sad to say goodbye to Benny and his wonderful house, but the road beckoned.

Thanks to construction and some incomprehensible detours we had a little bit of trouble finding the highway, and since I'm used to eating breakfast right after I get up, this disruption in my eating routine was making me cranky. I also realized as we were looking for the highway that I'd left my water bottle sitting on Benny's kitchen counter, a goof-up that I joked about but was actually kind of pissed me off. I think that, all told, it probably took us 45 minutes to get on the highway from Benny's house, a trip that probably should have taken us about 5 minutes. However, I'm at least a little glad it took us as long as it did, otherwise we wouldn't have been able to see some moron pull onto the interstate, realize he made a mistake and then back all the way up the exit ramp going about 40mph in reverse. We also vowed not to stop for food until we had cleared Chicago, so once we started seeing fields of grass instead of fields of concrete we pulled off at the first exit that looked like it had anything to offer.

Unfortunately, all it had to offer was one of those gas station / restaurant combos with a Burger King and a Popeye's. I don't know why restaurants inside gas stations sketch me out, but they always have. Still, I was hungry so I ordered a double cheeseburger meal and got to work. As my blood sugar started to rise to levels that allowed normal brain function I noticed that Dennis and Matt were both looking kind of bad. Matt had gotten some kind of flu that made him lose his appetite and Dennis well, that's a longer story. Apparently there was a pretty wicked zit on his leg when we left for tour, and over the course of tour it just kept getting bigger and bigger. Even though he was careful not to whine about it, it was clear that this thing was infected since Dennis was walking with a pronounced limp and was sweating like crazy despite the cool temperatures. I think he tried to eat something too but wasn't successful.

I felt bad for both of them, but what are you supposed to do when you're on tour and a situation like this arises? Being the selfish bastard that I am, I immediately bought a bottle of hand sanitizer from the gas station, but aside from that I was at a loss. We just jumped in the van and kept going. The drive was long (7 hours maybe?) and tense. Matt and Dennis tried to sleep, which made Hank and I wary of having anything that seemed like fun. The only thing I remember about the long-ass drive was finally getting sick of music and listening to a program on NPR on which they interviewed two philosophers who were interested in cognitive science. After it was over I gave the rest of the van a lecture about how cognitive science is changing literary criticism and how our legal system is based on an outmoded understanding of concepts like responsibility and justice. I'm sure they were on the edge of their seats for that half-hour. Warning: if you ever tour with a grad student this type of thing could happen at any moment.

When we finally found our way out of the long-ass state of Wisconsin and into Minneapolis we were all stoked to see the giant piles of snow. Earlier in the trip we had been wowed by much less significant accumulations, so Minneapolis blew our North Carolinian minds. We found the house where the show was taking place no problem. Actually, there would be two shows that night, an early basement show with GW, Wasted Time and Formaldehyde Junkies and a late show at a bowling alley with GW, WT, Acid Reflux and Cross Laws. As we walked up to the porch I found out I'd just missed Wasted Time yet again, damn it!

The place where the show was happening was really cool, though. It was probably the biggest basement I've ever seen in my life, bigger than a lot of clubs where I've seen shows. There was a little nook where the bands played and tons of space for merch and milling around. The only negatives were the big support beams all over the place, but that's what you get in basements, I guess. Like all the best shows, there was a cooler back by the merch that was well-stocked with beer, soda and Sparks, so after the long-ass drive I grabbed one of the latter and watched the Formaldehyde Junkies set up. I thought a few months ago in Raleigh would be the last time I saw these guys live, but there I was seeing them



cardiac arrest



wasted time



life trap

CROSS LAWS

again, and this time with the official lineup. While they were manic in Raleigh, this set was much crazier; Andy spent most of it rolling around on the floor like an animal while the band pounded out the fierce jams behind him. They even played "Repressed," which we really wanted to hear in Raleigh but the Retainers guys who were filling in didn't know it. They dedicated the song to Cross Laws but I was the only one actually watching because Matt and Dennis were so sick. Bummer.

GW played and just like Chicago they were on fire. Kenny was a madman and they sounded great even when I went to the back and listened through the PA. Minneapolis didn't go quite as nuts as I would've expected but, hey, it's freaking cold up there.

Talking to Dennis after GW's set, we decided that he should probably go to a hospital that night. He said that he was still up for playing the set, though, so we hopped back in the van and drove over to the bowling alley. Dennis was out of commission so load-in was more tedious and time-consuming, but we made it in and set up our stuff. We had been warned that the sound in the bowling alley was crappy, but I thought it sounded great. While we didn't play the best set of four that night, I don't think anyone would have known how sick Dennis was by the way he/we played. In fact, I think he actually played a lot better than me, since the Sparks I drank earlier gave me some vicious hand cramps during the last half of our set.

Immediately after we played Dennis and I jumped in the car and went to the emergency room. I was trying to talk to him and keep his spirits up while we drove to the hospital and sat in the waiting room, but I think he was delirious by this point. Craig Ferguson was on the TV in the waiting room and Dennis kept saying things about it that didn't make any sense at all. I guess a fever will do that. I was supposed to call Matt and Hank and give them an update, but the battery on my cell phone conveniently died just as I dialed the number, so who knows what they were thinking back at the bowling alley.

After about an hour of sitting there waiting, Dennis came out and said that his sore was, indeed, infected and that they had just cut it open and drained all of the fluid. He said it felt better already and he actually looked like himself for the first time in the past 24 hours; the color had already returned to his face. However, we weren't free to leave yet. He still had a fever of 102 (I can't believe he played with that!) and the doctors wanted to give him a mega-dose of antibiotics, which they'd do through an IV. That would take another hour, so I headed back to the bowling alley to get our equipment. I got there just in the nick of time, as the bowling alley was trying to close and were asking Hank and Matt to load our equipment out onto the cold, wet sidewalk. We finished up the job quickly, though, and started talking about what to do after we picked up Dennis.

As you can imagine, the party went on in full-force while we were at the emergency room, so everyone was pretty fucked up as we were loading out. We tried to get directions from the hospital to the house where everyone was staying, but no one was in good enough shape to help us out at the moment. Since we didn't want Dennis to walk out to an empty waiting room, we just split and decided that we'd figure it out later.

While Hank, Matt and I were waiting for Dennis to finish his IV drip we decided that it would be best to put some miles behind us and get a motel room for the night. I felt bad blowing everyone off, because Andy and Eric from Formaldehyde Junkies / Fashionable Idiots had really taken care of us. They got us on a well-paying show last minute and were really awesome to us in every way imaginable, but hanging out wasn't where Dennis needed to be. From what I heard about the rest of the night, I think we made the right decision. I didn't get the whole story, but I heard something about Eric chopping up Colin from Formaldehyde Junkies' kitchen with a machete.

So, once again we were in the van, this time headed south toward Wisconsin. After one exit turned out to be a 15-minute detour with no motels, we finally found a Super 8 and turned in for the night. It was about 3:30 in the morning, all of us were exhausted, two of us were incredibly ill and none of us had eaten for at least 12 hours. However, we were all sleeping in actual beds with clean, fluffy pillows so spirits were, nevertheless, relatively high.

March 14: Somewhere in Northern Wisconsin to Milwaukee, WI

When we woke up in the hotel room that morning it felt like I'd slept about five minutes. Getting a hotel on a night like this is kind of a mixed blessing. On the one hand, since you know you only have 5 or 6 hours to sleep it's nice to make sure that it's good sleep. On the other hand, for \$80 it feels like you should get a good night's sleep and 6 hours just doesn't do it for me even in the best of circumstances. Throw in Matt's snoring and I wasn't exactly daisies and sunshine when the alarm went off at 10.

The good news is that Dennis was feeling great when he woke up, though Matt wasn't feeling much better. We checked out of the hotel with nary a minute to spare and decided that since we had already dropped so much loot we'd treat ourselves to a big breakfast at Perkins. I got the French toast that I'd been craving since I saw the all-you-can-eat French toast restaurant on the way to Minneapolis and everyone else was happy to have a nice big meal and decent coffee. Before we hit the highway we also stopped by a grocery store to stock up on drinks and snacks for the road.

We were headed toward Milwaukee even though we didn't have a show there. However, the night before we'd received some good news: one of the bands scheduled to play with GW and WT in Milwaukee had canceled. Apparently they booked a spring break tour for a week that wasn't actually their spring break. D'oh! Springing into action, we acquired the number of one Dave, who was booking the Milwaukee show. We were nervous about calling him to get on the show, but before Dennis could even get the question out of his mouth he asked if we wanted to play. Yes! Things were looking up.

The drive, while long, was alright. Growing bored of music, we regaled one another with tales of our high school exploits. Hank was the clear winner with stories involving coke deals gone bad, counterfeiting money and the witness protection program.

Since we were crashing this show we decided we'd actually make it on time to this one, so we were making our way into Milwaukee by 5PM. I had never been to Milwaukee before and I was a little surprised at its appearance. I'm not sure what I expected, but it definitely had that "dying city" vibe that large sections of Pittsburgh and Baltimore have. We pulled up at the house where the show was supposed to take place and no one was there yet, so we milled around and watched the schoolyard basketball game happening across the street. Eventually Dave got there, everyone introduced themselves and thanked him heartily for letting us on the show and he kindly directed us to a grocery store where I had a light dinner of pasta salad and rolls.

When we got back to the house the GW/WT crew was still nowhere to be found; apparently they got up super late and made the obligatory visit to Extreme Noise before they left Minneapolis (something we were all bummed we didn't get to do). We milled around the house, avoiding the basement. I hate to say anything bad about it because the place was so cool, but with two of us being sick I was worried that this place was a serious health hazard. Once you stepped through the door you were smacked in the face with the odor of cat piss and the air was so damp that it felt like you were breathing soup. Still, the place was very big with plenty of room for bands and merch, which is always a nice thing to see when you roll up to a house show.

Eventually the show started with a band whose name I unfortunately can't remember. I remember that they played fast straight edge-style hardcore with Heresy-type fast parts and that they were really good for their first show.

We played second. In retrospect I'm not sure what got me so down about it, but our set was definitely the low point of the tour for me. Matt was really sick and seemed back and forth about whether he wanted to play at all, but since we drove all the way to Milwaukee the rest of us pushed him hard to do it. Of course things were lagging in the speed department, what with his illness and the less than ideal atmospheric conditions, but I could deal with that. However, near the end of the set Matt stopped doing anything but keeping time on the drums: no fills, no crashes, no nothing, just doot-dat-doot-dat-doot-dat behind us with no variation.

This really got my goat, and I just flipped out. I didn't scream at anyone because I knew that wasn't the thing to do, so I just grabbed my tour journal and a pen and went wandering off into the Milwaukee sunset. In

retrospect we didn't play that badly (in fact, we got a lot of compliments after our set, who knows, though, maybe they weren't genuine), but all I could think about was the fact that we'd driven all this way and horned our way onto the show and we couldn't even deliver these people 15 minutes of halfway decent music. After wandering around the neighborhood for a little bit I found a coffee shop down the street from the house and drank a latte while I caught up on my tour diary. In retrospect I was probably suffering from cabin fever. The time away from everyone else really helped me get my head right.

Eventually Hank called saying that the show was over and I needed to come help load out. I felt bad for bailing on the entire thing, but I was definitely at capacity as far as dealing with people went. When I walked up to the house Dennis was puking all over the lawn (I think it was his medicine, as by this time he was feeling pretty good) and Matt was in the van asleep. Hank and I loaded out all of the equipment and we followed everyone around the corner to the houses where we were staying.

I probably couldn't have dealt with a crummy, roach-infested punk basement that night so thankfully we stayed with some really cool people. In fact, they'd come through North Carolina last summer, playing a show at Bull City Records and getting put up by our friend Chaz. These kids lived in two houses that face one another, which is optimum for having parties and chilling in the patio space between them. We set up shop in the house that looked like it would be the quieter of the two, and our fortunes got even better when one of the guys who lived there decided to go sleep at his girlfriend's house, leaving us to have his bed. We were very thankful for this so Dennis and I grabbed our sleeping bags and claimed the primo real estate.

Before we went to bed, though, we went out to a place that served some kind of vegan hot dogs. Everyone else ate up but I was still feeling good from the pasta salad so I avoided putting any more crap in my body. I just chilled, drank an iced tea and talked to all of the GW/WT crew about the crazy night they had in Minneapolis. Eventually we all got tired and went back to the house, where I curled up in a nice comfy bed.

March 15: Milwaukee, WI to St. Louis, MO

So, we woke up in Milwaukee, myself and Dennis quite rested. I'm pretty sure Hank stayed up late hanging out with the people who lived in the house and Matt had a shitty night's sleep on the couch. He said that his teeth were chattering all night he was so cold. As we were getting into the van to leave I noticed that the window right next to him had been open the whole night. How no one noticed that I don't know.

While Matt stayed in the van and slept, Dennis, Hank and I went to the coffee shop where I hung out the night before with some of the GW/WT guys. I had a pretty shitty cinnamon roll but it was nice to get some good coffee in me relatively close to the time at which I woke up. On the way back to the house we passed a sign for an energy drink called "Freak Maniac." Of course Mark Schubert lost his mind at this and we had to go in the store. I'm pretty sure that Hank was the only one who actually purchased some, though.

At the hospital in Minneapolis the doctors had insisted that Dennis get a follow-up appointment to check his recovery and change his bandages, so with the help of the people at the coffee shop we located an urgent care center and took Dennis there while the other van set out toward St. Louis. While Dennis got seen relatively quickly for a walk-in it seemed like we were there forever, they had a TV with some kind of health programming on a 1-hour loop and I saw the whole thing at least twice while we were waiting. However, I guess it was worth it because Dennis got fresh bandages and a clean bill of health.

By this time we were all starving (all except Matt) and the large numbers of Fazzoli's restaurants on the way into Milwaukee had caught our eyes. We vowed that we would eat lunch at Fazzoli's, but of course there weren't any for the first 15 or 20 miles outside of Milwaukee. Eventually, though, we found one and Hank, Dennis and I feasted on some of the finest fast Italian food I'd ever had. They kept offering us free garlic bread and I loaded up, knowing we had to haul ass to St. Louis and probably wouldn't get to stop for dinner.

The drive from Milwaukee to St. Louis was long, and when we set out we figured that there was no way we were actually going to make it to the show in time. Thankfully, though, the time of the show kept getting later

and later, eventually settling at 9PM, a time that was totally make-able for us.

Somewhere along the way we stopped at a travel plaza to get some drinks and go to the bathroom, and this was the point when van madness finally set in. Most of the jokes are too stupid to remember / relate, but I remember thinking that something was fishy when Dennis made a ridiculously bad joke and Hank responded by banishing him to the travel plaza on the other side of the road. Don't look for sense there because you won't find any. I also remember that Kelly called during the peak of van madness and the whole time I was talking to her the van was giggling like crazy. She probably thought we were on nitrus or something.

One nice thing that happened during van madness was that Matt finally started feeling better. I guess his fever broke sometime that morning, because when he came out of the travel plaza after drinking a cup of coffee he seemed much better and actually started talking and interacting with us. That made things a lot less tense.

Since the show had been moved to 9PM it was decided that we had time to stop somewhere for dinner. For whatever reason it was decreed that we would dine at Steak and Shake that evening, timing be damned. We stopped about 10 minutes outside of St. Louis and I must say that I was unimpressed with the steakburger, though the peanut butter milkshake definitely did me right.

After Steak and Shake we made our way into St. Louis, and it was as dark and industrial as I expected. The mapquest directions took us right to the Slaughterhouse, where Rob, Cardiac Arrest's singer and the guy putting together the show, was standing in the street. He walked up to the car and introduced himself and I apologized for being late (it was about 9:15 by now). Rob's response was "what do you mean late? you're early!" Keep in mind that the first band was already playing and we were slated to play in about 10-15 minutes. So we'd made a 7-hour drive with only 15 minutes to spare and this guy was totally mellow about it. I knew right then that I would like Rob.

The Slaughterhouse had kind of a weird, difficult load-in (an understatement), so Rob encouraged us to borrow the house drum set and amps. So, we locked up the van and made our way to the Slaughterhouse. This place is in a very sketchy part of town. In fact, Rob said that not only was there a shooting on the block earlier in the week, but when the cops showed up the residents of the house actually opened fire on the police. That's some intense shit.

We entered the venue where St. Louis' Civic Progress was blasting through a set (I'm bummed I only got to hear a little, as they sounded awesome) and I saw that we were in an actual Slaughterhouse. For some reason I had assumed that the Slaughterhouse was just one of those cute names for a punk house. Nope, this place was an actual Slaughterhouse that people now rent and hold punk shows in the basement. Rob showed us the room where I guess it all went down and it still smelled like pig flesh. Intense.

We were playing next so we grabbed our guitars and headed downstairs. The setup was not like what we normally use at all. I was surprised that Matt even agreed to borrow drums because he's normally very picky about playing his own drums, and this set was very different than his, including only one rack tom where he usually uses two. Also, both bass and guitar were routed through two full-stacks each, which were stacked to the ceiling behind the drums. The entire wall was nothing but guitar amp; it looked like the ridiculous Marshall stacks that Def Leppard had when I saw them at the state fair. Needless to say we were loud as fuck.

I had resolved that we were going to have a shitty set since all signs pointed to suckage. Borrowed equipment, having immediately stepped out of the van after a grueling drive, Matt being sick and the peanut butter shake not sitting well in my stomach would seem to be a disaster in the making. However, we played a pretty decent set I think. People seemed into it and St. Louis was one of the first towns where a bunch of people seemed to recognize and be really into the Fix cover. Later, we learned that most of the kids who were up front going nuts were the guys from Life Trap, who had made the rip all the way from Nashville even though we were playing there tomorrow.

After playing a halfway decent set for the first time in a few days all of us were feeling good, which was great because we were about to see an incredible show. Acid Reflux played next and it was great to see those guys again since we hadn't really gotten to hang out in Minneapolis. They played great and the sing-alongs were in full effect.

Wasted Time played next so that Brandon would have a break before GW's set. I had missed Wasted Time in Milwaukee, Chicago, and twice in Minneapolis so I was determined to go crazy tonight. Thankfully they played a blistering set which, while amazing, made me even more angry that I had missed so many of their sets on this tour.

St. Louis' Cardiac Arrest played next, which was one of the sets I was most looking forward to on this entire tour. I'd heard a lot of stories about how hard these guys rage live and let me tell you, youtube doesn't lie. These guys are so tight that it sounds like they're miming along to the 7", and the local crowd knows all the words and isn't afraid to show it. The crowd reaction was complete pandemonium, but Rob was right in the middle of it, barking out every word as bodies bounced off of him. Holy shit is the only thing I can think to say.

After Cardiac Arrest's set the need for a bathroom had strongly reasserted itself, so I headed out into the now-torrential rain (it wouldn't stop all night, getting particularly bad as we loaded merch back into the van) and drove aimlessly around the St. Louis ghetto looking for a restaurant or gas station with an open, halfway clean bathroom. Eventually I found one and made my way back to the show. Crisis averted.

Unfortunately I had missed about half of Government Warning's set by the time I got back. The place was so crowded that I couldn't make it back down the steep, narrow stairway to the area where the bands played, but I could hear pretty well from upstairs. Coverment Warning was in full effect as they played a shit-ton of covers to end the set. Oh, and one thing that I discovered during their set was that Rob's Cardiac Arrest singing voice isn't affected at all; I heard him singing along to "Fat Nation" and he screamed "fat and LAZY" just like it was a Cardiac Arrest lyric. That ruled.

The guy who seemed to be running the place was keen to get everyone out of the venue as soon as GW finished, so after selling a few records we said goodbye to the Life Trap guys and everyone headed over to Rob's house. While everyone took great care of us on this tour, Rob went above and beyond the call of duty. When we got to his house there was an assortment of snacks (healthy and unhealthy) and drinks (alcoholic and non-alcoholic) and he also got us two pizzas from this place that sells seriously massive pizzas. I'm talking really massive. Apparently if two people can finish an entire pizza then they win \$200 or something. Rob said that only five people have successfully done it. If you're wondering, between Acid Reflux, Cross Laws, Government Warning, Wasted Time and Cardiac Arrest we finished off two of those pizzas in about 15 minutes. I'm pretty sure everyone was full to bursting, though.

Because of the rain and the long drive that day I think that everyone was feeling tired, but St. Louis is a legendary party town and Brandon and Eric weren't about to let that pass them by. Matt, Dennis and I were resigned to a chill night, but Hank decided that he was going to try and roll with Rob and the GW guys. Well, about 20 minutes after they left Hank was back in the house to stay. He said that he couldn't handle it, they were driving 80 miles per hour in a 35mph zone, slamming beers while driving and tossing the empties out the window. Apparently St. Louis lives under total anarchy.

After chilling with all of the sober folk for a little while I went down to Rob's basement, found a clean section of floor and crawled into my sleeping bag, completely exhausted. I fell right asleep, but it wasn't long before I was awoken by Brandon drunkenly stumbling around the place, screaming obscenities and slurs and banging on the drum set. Ah, tour...

March 15-16: St. Louis, MO to Nashville, TN to Raleigh, NC

Well, folks, here we are finally at the last installment of the Cross Laws tour diary. This day started much like the others, lying on a cold floor wrapped tightly in my sleeping bag. I went upstairs to see what was shaking and everyone was already up and moving. The Acid Reflux dudes had already left, as they were off to see some museum, I forget

which one, but I'm pretty sure it involved a giant, adult-sized playground. For some reason that fits their personalities perfectly. Immediately I started hearing stories about all of the shit that went down after I went to sleep. Apparently Government Warning broke up and got back together about 5 times, with the fate of the band resting at one point on a game of the 8-bit NES game Jaws being played by Zach from Wasted Time. I also noticed that Rob had moved his glass coffee table into his bedroom lest it be smashed in the course of drunken antics. When I got up Brandon was clearly still drunk and I'm not sure if he slept at all.

Before we hit the road Matt and I walked across the street to try and find some coffee. I guess that Rob lives in a neighborhood inhabited mostly by eastern Europeans, as no one spoke English in the little restaurant that we walked into. They did make me a pretty sweet cappuccino, though, and Matt ordered a big helping of some kind of Mediterranean food that he seemed to like.

As we were doing the last bit of packing up and saying goodbye and thanks to Rob it was decided that Brandon would make the drive to Nashville with us. It didn't appear as though there was any room at all in the van, but somehow Brandon squeezed in. It was a 5 or 6 hour drive and Brandon made the whole thing sitting on busted-ass cardboard box half-full of Cross Laws t-shirts. He insisted that it was comfortable, but I'm not sure that I would've done it. At any rate, it was great to have Brandon along for the ride. It was nice to have some new blood in the conversation and get the low-down on the latest happenings in the other van. My favorite story that Brandon told us, though, was about the whole Government Warning / xBrainiax controversy from MRR. In case you didn't catch that gem from MRR's letters section, a member of xBrainiax wrote to MRR calling out GW for covering Vile, which he called "an openly racist band." Well, apparently after this guy wrote the letter he also wrote to Brandon saying that he actually bought the reissue of the Vile LP and likes it! What a fucking wiener! I was astounded by that anecdote, and it still boggles my mind every time I think about it.

The drive to Nashville was uneventful. Brandon praised our choice of music (it wasn't Integrity, which seemed to dominate the playlist in the other van) and our choice of places to stop for food (our motto was "all grease, all the time" toward the end of the tour). We got into town and after one emergency pee stop and a few slight problems with the Mapquest directions we pulled up at the venue, which was oddly enough right next door to United Record Pressing, where Brandon, Alex and I all press most of our releases. They immediately ran over and started peeking in the windows but I started loading in the Cross Laws gear.

The venue for tonight's show, the Fun House, was something to behold. Sitting in the middle of a totally industrial section of town, I could never quite figure out whether the house was half-built or half-demolished. The drywall was crumbling and/or completely missing, at least half of the windows had either been removed or had never been installed and there was nothing in the place but empty beer cans, a makeshift stage and a disco ball hanging from the ceiling. No one bothered shutting the functioning windows or even closing the front door because there wasn't anyone around who could possibly be annoyed by our racket. While some people might be weirded out by a place like this I thought it was cool as shit and definitely one of the coolest spots we played on tour.

Even better, there was already a pretty big crowd of people there and they seemed ready to party. The Life Trap dudes were all there and seemed stoked that the show was going well. I really liked those guys a lot, I think there's something about growing up totally isolated from the focus of the hardcore scene in the northeast and west coast that makes you understand hardcore in a different way. Each show is a rare opportunity to lose your mind and every record is a window to a world where you wish you could live. At least that's how I feel about hardcore and those guys seemed to be on a similar wavelength.

The only thing I wasn't stoked about with this show was the order of the bands; for some reason Life Trap wanted to play early and Brandon always needs a break between Wasted Time and Government Warning sets, so we were appointed to play between WT and GW. As I've mentioned in previous entries, Wasted Time were on a tear this tour and I didn't want to follow them. However, at the very least we knew that the crowd would be warmed up for us.



Tennessee's Vile Nation were up first and they ripped it up with some lightning-speed, occasionally blast-beat-y hardcore. I guess that these guys have been playing out for a while and they have a well-received demo, so the locals knew what was up and gave them a good reaction.

After that was another set I'd been looking forward to for the entire tour, Nashville's own Life Trap. I've been obsessing about this band ever since Brandon gave me a copy of their demo (I'm so jealous that he's doing their EP on No Way) and they did not disappoint live. They hit the first note and their singer Nico immediately jumped about four feet into the air. The energy didn't stop until the last note was played. I was especially stoked to hear them play "Power of Fear," which is undeniably the hit song on their demo. These maniacs are going on tour with Life Crisis in June and trust me you want to see this band, they're one that people are going to be talking about for years, mark my words.

Wasted Time was up next and as expected they destroyed the place. Nashville moshes harder than anywhere I've been outside of Raleigh (and it's real moshing, not that metalcore karate crap or pop-punk shoving, either) and Wasted Time is the ultimate band to lose your mind to. I was not disappointed.

Cross Laws played next and we were super excited until we actually started playing. We were all having a great time and it was a chill environment so I thought that this would be a great set. Unfortunately, it was not to be. In fact, it was by far our worst set of the tour, even worse than the ones when Dennis and Matt were incredibly ill. We were sloppy as fuck, not just "they're a little off" sloppy, but "the drummer and guitarist appear to be playing different songs" sloppy. Still, the Nashville dudes went nuts anyway, which I think is more of a testament to them and Wasted Time than us. Oh, and for some reason Kenny from GW wanted to sing our SOA cover with us that night and of course everyone went mad. In fact, I got pig-piled as I was playing and someone's head broke the \$25 guitar cable I bought at the beginning of tour.

I was feeling kind of down after playing such a shitty set so I just stood in the back of the room and watched Government Warning play what was perhaps their best set of the tour. I'm pretty sure every time I've seen GW before I've been standing right in front of them, but from just 15 or 20 feet away it was obvious what an amazing band these guys are, Kenny owned the stage and the playing was unbelievably tight, even on cover songs that they never practice. I wish that I'd had a video camera to capture their set from that very spot, but unfortunately my camera died so I don't even have any good stills. Oh well.

After the show we loaded up the van and Alex walked me over to United and we peeked in the windows at all the record pressing machines. We also took a peek in their dumpster but all that could be found was cardboard and little shavings of black vinyl. Oh, and there were stacks and stacks of boxes all addressed to Def Jam records, I guess that's where United gets a lot of their business.

There was some talk of finding a place to crash in Nashville and touring United in the morning, but since our planned shows in Asheville and Raleigh had fallen through for various reasons we took a cue from the Richmond folks and did the drive straight through to Raleigh. We stopped at a Waffle House not 20 miles outside of Nashville (we didn't have time to eat dinner on the way) and it was apparent that we were already in the sticks. After stocking up on coffee and energy drinks I drove all the way to the North Carolina border. As we went through Knoxville I could see the Sun Sphere that's on the cover of the Koro 12" and that was pretty cool, but otherwise it was just extremely foggy, extremely boring night driving. Dennis took the wheel when we started getting into the mountains since he's from Asheville and knows the terrain, and when I woke up it was 10AM, we were passing the Raleigh-Durham Airport and Matt was driving. It was pouring down rain and after loading our equipment back into the practice space and dropping everyone off I was back at home and ready for a long nap in a real bed.

I'm not sure how to end this mammoth series except by saying tour was one of the most amazing experiences of my life and I'm so glad that I did it. Thanks go out to Kelly for putting up with me being gone for more than a week and incredibly stressed for the month before I left, the other Cross Laws, Roddawg Hank, Mark for basically booking the whole thing, Wasted Time and Government Warning for letting us come along and being awesome tour buddies, everyone who put us on shows (especially

Ryan Leary for squeezing us onto the Chicago show), all the ripping bands we played with, all of the people we stayed with (especially Benny!), all of the people who made us food (especially Sarah at Albion House!), all of the people who bought merch, all of the people who came out to the shows and watched us and everyone else who helped us out in any way. Now, when's the next tour?

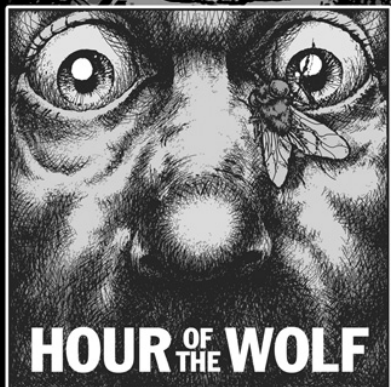


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ten generic questions with...



1. Generic first question...how did this band get together?

4 of us have been friends with each other for a while (and two of us were and still are twin brothers) with similar musical tastes and an urge to do something constructive and start a HC/punk band that might be some kind of threat again. We started to jam in Spring 2006 and it turned out to be lots of fun so we did a demo, started playing shows and what not.

2. Can you describe your immediate style? Bands influenced by?

It's rough, heavy and brutal but still kind of rocky think of something between Entombed, Tragedy, Cro-Mags, High On Fire and Damnation AD.

3. Do you have anything recorded or plans to?

We had a demo done in summer 2006 and a song on "Harder They Fall: Tribute to Intensity" compilation (on Escapist Artist). Our debut album called "Can't Get Us All" is being pressed right now to be out in May 2007 on SMG (www.selfmadegod.com).

4. In this early stage of the game, did you have any memorable shows that you played?

Yeah, we played maybe 10 shows and most of them were pretty all right. But frankly, nothing really crazy. Hope for more.

5. How is the local scene in your area? How is the reception to your band?

There are tons of nice kids over here and we have kind of mixed crowd sometimes and often separate shows unfortunately. There are tons of shows going on but the quality is often a different story. The only problem is that kids got kind of spoiled and they hardly move when bands play which sucks big time. The reception of our band is pretty much ok.

6. What bands in your area are worth noting?

The locals scene in Warsaw is pretty good bandwise, there are some really good ones like: Soulburners (rock'n'roll), Sixpack (Bad Brains/Cro-Mags/Black Flag alike HC), The Black Tapes (The Clash meets International Noise Conspiracy stuff), Elvis De Luxe (amazing stoner rock), The Fight (female fronted pissed off punk), 100 Inch Shadow (melodic HC) and more bands like: Thunderboys, Come Undone, Stolen Faith, Hard To Breathe...

7. Pick two of your songs and tell us what they are about?

<http://www.myspace.com/yourdaymares>

Ok, maybe I explain the songs that you can find on our myspace profile: "The Bigger The Lie": This is the "fuck what you've been told" song. My opinion is that most of the news in the mainstream media is bullshit and I found watching them pretty much brain destructing. Watching TV is really brain affecting, so the internet can be. You let your mind easily get involved into the conflicts that are kind of surreal and irrelevant to the position you're in e.g. you think you should chose the party to vote for or to call yourself this way or another to prove you can make a change. While you're busy with trying to prove your right, some fucks are taking advantage of your involvement in lame ass discussions and simply fuck you up. Imagine that one day it turns out that all the shit you've thrive on was a lie. You know it's hard to make people behave this way or another passing through certain laws in direct way as they would start to riot. You have to do it the other way around. Provoke a situation and manipulate them the way they will beg you for what they would never agree with in the first place. You know, it's hard to control the people private lives just like that but when you have the war on terror or whatever stupid thing then people will come up with the idea of regulations on their own! They can actually do your job and you could get away clean. Look at all of these poor beings who are ready to sacrifice their lives while the oil scumbags will be pumping the resources off the ground.

"I shit you not": I only appreciate the way I live more and more. I never liked the destructive idea of fun and mainstream type of "ethics" (if there is any) and tried to stay away from this crap the further I could. I am pretty much in touch with totally different than myself type of people in my everyday life and I can see I avoided tons of shit. I just can't stand all this small talk, no heart, zombie attitude bullshit. I also can see that this type of culture I've been involved into is kind of the threat to the status quo of the mainstream politics. These few people who live in the opposition of what is called the norm are dangerous as they are thought provoking agents in fact. It can happen that the rest try to contemplate why they hell these weirdos are the way they are and good God! they might follow them and that would mean less potential consumers. This world is based on consumption and is going into this direction more and more and we are supposed to be happy through buying stuff. If we learn how to be happy with ourselves, the way we are and the things we experience then it means loss, massive loss of profits. Frustrated people buy things to cheer themselves up. It's too much at stake to make it happen so the best way to work things out is to tame all of these wild things that come along the way. Well, it already worked well in the past selling "being rebellious" and "independence" or "spiritual" or whatever. Just to steal the idea one came up with and sell it back to them. And if it doesn't work you can ridicule them, finding stupid names and labels and trying to marginalize their opinions. Or even make them illegal and then persecute with the help of the law.

8. Pick a recent news item that bothered you and explain why.

There is this place in Poland called Rospuda Valley which is a national park and there will be highway cutting it through. This is the part of the world that is vanishing. It really bummed me out when people commented on that like "who the fuck cares about this stupid nature" or since to justify this deed was to get the truck transport out of the city - "these nature, tree hugger freaks should come and live here". I am not angry with the people who can't stand the noise of trucks and all the pollution as it's pretty obvious nobody ever questions why these fuckin trucks go at all. You know the investors want to pay it black and white picture: either you're a civilized man or a savage. Stupidity makes me angry really...

9. A sleazy A & R person comes up to your band after a show and asks you to sign with a big major...what do you do?

Immediately we demand to put us on the soundtrack for "Brain Donors II"!

10. Any last words to the masses? (OK to the few reading this)

Keep on reading the fanzines as they are the essence of the HC scene. Once they're out, the scene is dead. Peace out!



photo by: zbyszek karczmarek

daymares
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Ten Generic Questions with... memories

1. Generic first question...how did this band get together?

Me (Brandon), Tim and Hank were all in a band before this one and when that one fell apart, we decided to take a stab at starting up a straight edge band more in the vein of a lot of our influences. When Hank said he knew someone who could play drums for us, we had Jeremy come hang out, and he was good as shit...so that's that.

2. Can you describe your immediate style? Bands influenced by?

We try to mix it up a little, since every one of us has different influences. Hank and Tim I'm sure would consider Bold and Strife to be huge influences of theirs. I know Jeremy has bands all over the map that he draws from, and I try to keep it simple, taking my vocal and lyrical styles from bands like Ten Yard Fight, Judge, and a band I grew up with in Richmond, VA called Down to Nothing.

3. Do you have anything recorded or plans to?

Being a fairly new (and broke) band, we've got our 3 song demo out now, and we're giving those away, but in the next couple months we plan on starting our EP which will be 6 songs, 3 from the demo re-recorded and 3 new ones.

4. In this early stage of the game, did you have any memorable shows that you played?

Our first show got a great response, and I'm not sure how since no one had heard us outside of the myspace tracks, but it was awesome. I'm sure our show coming up on the 15th of this month (April) will be great.

5. How is the local scene in your area? How is the reception to your band?

As stated above, kids really reacted to us when we hadn't even played a show yet. I was very pleasantly surprised and totally in awe of how far Atlanta has come in the last couple of years. We're doing great things and getting put back on the map, and we owe it all to the kids that come out and the bands that play out.

6. What bands in your area are worth noting?

Wow, most all of them have something to offer. We're all working together to make Atlanta strong again. Overdose, Hard Luck and Foundation are probably the names coming off most lips right now.

7. Pick two of your songs and tell us what they are about?

Higher Ground is about hardcore as a whole and how when you have nothing else to turn to, and when everyone else says that things are going fine in the world, you know you can get away for a while if you've got hardcore in your life.

Never Change has an interesting story behind it. It seems kind of condescending at first because it's about straight edge, and what song about straight edge doesn't sound at least a little condescending? But this one is about my best friend, who happens to sing for a great band called Government Warning. He and I got into straight edge together, and he got out of it a few years later, but I still love the kid like my brother even though we have our differences. He'll never change, and that's how I want it.

8. Pick a recent news item that bothered you and explain why.

Oh jeez, I don't much follow the news. How recently did OJ get off? Just kidding. There was a suicide bomber in Iraq who killed a bunch of police recruits. I guess that sucks pretty bad. I mean, when good people are trying to make a difference and it's destroyed by those who don't see the positive change coming, it's a sad day. It's puts the whole world back in terms of making things better for humanity.

9. A sleazy A & R person comes up to your band after a show and asks you to sign with a big major...what do you do?

I don't know. I consider the terms: if they want us playing hair metal and doing product placement in the songs they had someone write for us...no thanks, I really don't care how much we'd get paid, that's not how I picture living my life.



10. Any last words to the masses? (OK to the few reading this)

Yeah, stay positive. Inspire change in your life, in your community, and in your heart. Don't think you're alone in this...let's see, what other cliches can I churn out? Don't eat the yellow snow.

<http://www.myspace.com/memorieshc>



ten generic questions with...

S T R A N G E D A Y S

1. Generic first question...how did this band get together?

I (Joe, vocals) have wanted to be in a band for a long time. I was friends with Matt (Bass) and Anthony (Guitars) in high school and they were also interested in forming a band. We always talked about it but I never really expected anything to come of it. Then one day Anthony says were gonna do it so I wasn't gonna rest until I made it happen. I met Greg (Guitars) in college and knew he had similar musical tastes as the rest of us. I also knew he played guitar so I asked him. Like most other bands, we were left with the semi-impossible task of finding a drummer. I knew Al (Drums) through Greg so I asked Greg if he knew any drummers. However, Al hadn't played drums since high school and was more of a guitarist/bassist. Anyway he agreed to take up drumming again, and it is kind of working out so far. So he were are...

2. Can you describe your immediate style? Bands influenced by?

This is a hard one. We are a relatively new band so we are still searching for a style of our own. Really can't pick a certain style. As for influences, our website lists the following: Joe loves The Suicide File and Outbreak (and the Descendents and Misfits) Matt loves Carry On and Champion. Al loves pop punk and Outbreak. Anthony loves the Beatles and Modern Life Is War. And Greg, well Greg loves anything that isn't the Misfits or the Beatles. So I don't know, maybe we sound like a mixture of all of these. Personally, people tell me my vocals remind them of a mixture of Outbreak and The Suicide File.

3. Do you have anything recorded or plans to?

We have a 3 song demo recorded that has been out since November or early December I believe. Hopefully we can get our act together, write some new material and maybe record an EP late this summer.

4. In this early stage of the game, did you have any memorable shows that you played?

All of our shows so far have been memorable for me because I am honestly living a dream. Any time someone sings along to some of the lyrics I wrote, I feel pretty good. My dad came out to one of our shows, and that was really awesome. We have definitely had our ups and downs though.

5. How is the local scene in your area? How is the reception to your band?

I think the Baltimore/DC area has a pretty good thing going right now, lots of great bands, old and new. Strange Days doesn't have a following or anything but I would like to think that people who come out and see us are enjoying us. We are still being put on shows so we have to be doing something right.

6. What bands in your area are worth noting?

Ruiner, who was just signed to Bridge Nine records, Pulling Teeth, Lion of Judah, Strange Days obviously, there are tons really.

7. Pick two of your songs and tell us what they are about?

C.R.E.A.M. was the first song we wrote, and the first song I ever wrote lyrics for. It stands for cash rules everything around me (from Wu-Tang...I really hate this title and wanna change it...Al named this one) and is about people who are ruled by money. Obviously people need money, but some people let their lives become consumed by the desire for money and they ruin their relationships with people for it. Slurm is a newer song that is not on the demo. It is named after the drink on Futurama even though the song has nothing to do with Futurama, I just love the show. Anyway, it is just about beliefs and convictions. When you are a kid, teachers and parents always tell you to ask questions and that the only stupid question is the one that you don't ask. well I kind of took this to heart and really question everything so I know for sure what I believe in and what I don't. there is no reason to believe in something if you are not 100% sure its right. dont half-ass your beliefs. they should be important.

8. Pick a recent news item that bothered you and explain why.

There was this one article on the news a couple weeks ago about a father who was using a stun gun on his infant son. i dont remember how old the baby was but it really doesnt matter. there is no excuse for this kind of sick behavior. the baby was alright though which is good.

9. A sleazy A & R person comes up to your band after a show and asks you to sign with a big major...what do you do?

Take the deal and sell out duh...

10. Any last words to the masses? (OK to the few reading this)

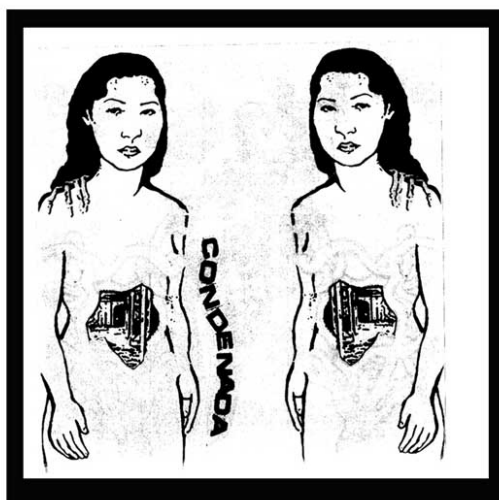
Nope not really. just have fun and try to be as happy as you can be. That's something I have learned recently and need to start following.





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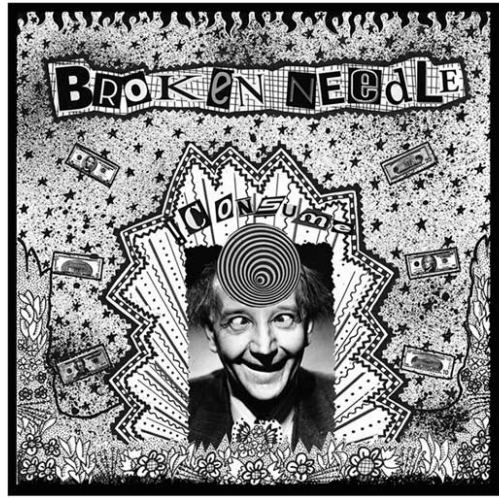
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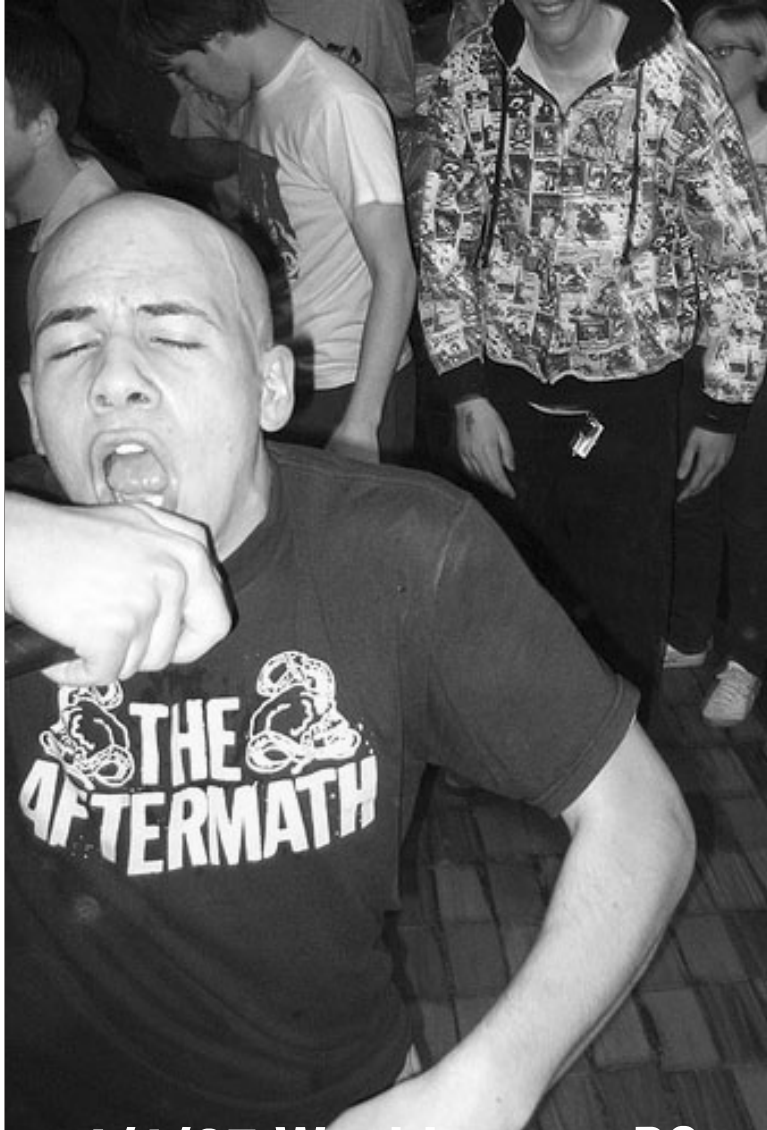
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photos by Katie McGuinness



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Cloak & Dagger



4/1/07 Washington DC



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a moment in time...



The Vicious

Raleigh, NC 4/6/07

Photos by Dan Dead Metaphor





Brutal Knights

Washington DC 4/14/07

Photos by Katie McGuniness



a moment in time...
a moment in time...
a moment in time...



GOVERNMENT WARNING

4/14/07 Washington DC
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free minded



at The Shop Atlanta, GA 4/15/07
Photos by Alexxx Gibbs

a moment in time...



a moment in time...
a moment in time...
a moment in time...



TO LIVE and DIE WITH



at The Shop Atlanta, GA 4/15/07 Photos by Alexxx Gibbs

a moment in time...



MOSAIC

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reviews

Reviews by: Mike M (All Go No Slow), Andrew (Aversionline), Oliver (Cult Punk) and Dave K....we are really lite this time out...c'mon people write some reviews!

Battleorn "Terminal Dawn" CD

After Dan S. sent me the last 7" by this two piece (yes, I'm still stunned by that), I wasn't really convinced. That all changed with this new CD. If I had to describe this to people, I'd say it's like a cross between Septic Death and old Sheer Terror recorded super lo-fi. All the songs are super short. I still don't understand how they get such a "full" sound with just two folks but they do. I can truly say this one is different and I have been playing it a lot lately. Take a chance and check it out. Dave K.

<http://www.matwrecords.com>

Brutal Knights "Feast of Shame" LP

I saw these guys and gals play recently and they are incredible live. I'd heard a few MP3s online and wasn't too into them but the live show was one of the best I'd seen in a while. Super cool people, to boot. I picked up the LP from them that night to support them on tour, and to give their studio stuff another shot... The record moves along speedily with the 14 songs clocking in at 18 minutes. They've definitely got a "garage punk" type sound, but they're faster than most of that genre. Comparisons can be made to fellow Canadians Career Suicide, especially their early material, but there's even more of the raw edge and raucous vocal style in Brutal Knights. The singer really makes me think of Rocket from the Crypt at their raunchiest. I'm not the biggest fan of this sound but the fast songs I can get into. Those who enjoy that garage sound will really dig this. Any fan of hardcore will dig their live show and should definitely check them out if they come to your town. Mike M.

<http://www.derangedrecords.com>

Christian Club "Final Confession" Ep

Another rager from Sorry State records... the label which brought you the Koro reissues and the Rabies LP. This is one seething slab off hate directed towards anyone and anything related to Christianity. Blazing old school influenced hardcore is the back drop for the tongue-in-cheek lyrics to tracks like "Fuck Jehovah's Witness" and "Jesusfish Asshole". Sometimes serious, sometimes silly, either way these folks do not like Christians. Several of the band members are trading off on vocal duties which lends some variety to the band's sound... some of this reminds me of early Citizens Arrest and other parts make me think of a rawer Caustic Christ. Either option sounds good to me, as does this platter of wax. Cool cover art to boot which looks like a Nick Blinko drawing on a Crucifix record. Pick this up, as well as anything else this label releases... you won't be disappointed. Mike M.

<http://www.deep fry bonaza.com>

Cross Laws 7"

Cross Laws has just released a 7" that follows in the footsteps of bands like Wasted Time and Government Warning that play an early eighties style of fast hardcore. There are five tracks here that will blister your ears, some more than others, with "Behind the Curve" being the best song here. The recording is rough though, that's what makes this record sound pretty good. Apparently, the seven inch has an initial small pressing but should be repressed shortly so that you can check it out now. Dave K.

<http://www.deep fry bonaza.com>

Charge "Who's In Control?" Ep/CD

"Who's in Control?!" is the latest EP from New Jersey's mighty Charge, this time on Reaper Records, and once again the band delivers a concise yet diverse blast (five tracks in 14 minutes) of material that sounds little to nothing like most of what's going on out there these days. Expect plenty of surging mid-paced power chords and intricate bass runs making up the core, generally accented by a sense of ringing dissonance and little bits and pieces of melody scattered throughout. I definitely still hear a lot of similarities to Burn/Orange 9mm, both in terms of some of the rhythmic vocal arrangements as well as a few more technical riffs or post-hardcore textures happening here and there, but I fuckin' love both of those bands, so I'm all over such influences, and Charge takes these sounds to different levels throughout. Little bits of reggae creep into the instrumental "Logan's Run", and there are even some surprisingly rocked out little runs to be found on occasion, so... you've almost gotta hear it for yourself to get a true picture of what's going on. There's a little room for improvement in terms of the recording, but that certainly doesn't hinder their energy or mask the quality of their writing skills. I'm digging the great looking comic book-styled cover art that's definitely different from the norm, too. Having heard so much about these guys over the years it's a damn shame that they haven't dropped a full-length yet. And shit, it's been like three years or so since the "Universal Tribe" EP dropped, so... they've yet to disappoint, and continue to leave me wanting more. -Andrew

<http://www.reaperhardcore.com>

Crown of Kings/Price of Pain Split CD

Also from Reaper Records comes this split between two promising Death Threat-related metallic hardcore acts to keep an eye on down the road. First up is Connecticut's Crown of Kings, who knock out four quick tracks (less than two minutes apiece) of textbook metallic hardcore in about six minutes. The band features Death Threat guitarist Wes Fortier on vocals, and he holds his own damn well over a backdrop of heavy power chords with a good balance of tempo changes that lean on traditional hardcore with that slightly more contemporary sense of aggression. It's basically that 90's kind of style, though - and everyone knows I love that shit, right? Massachusetts' Price of Pain then follows-up with four tracks of their own 90's-esque "metalcore". Their take provides longer and more metallic songs, so expect lots of chunky mid-paced grooves with scarce bursts of speedier power chord rhythms or the occasional drop of a chugging Euro-styled metal riff - all fronted by the unique stylings of Death Threat vocalist

reviews reviews reviews reviews reviews

Aaron Knuckles. Believe it or not there are some occasional dashes of melody tucked away in there too, and such shifts actually pay off tenfold, because "Thanks for Shit" comes across as somewhat darker and more memorable - a fuckin' excellent track, for sure. As with many such releases both bands could probably use a little more oomph in the recording department, but the songs make the fucking point, so I'm not complaining. I dig both acts and will damn sure be looking forward to hearing more. Good stuff. -Andrew

<http://www.reaperhardcore.com>

Deathcycle s/t Lp

Deathcycle hail from Long Island, New York, and this, their debut LP, is extremely well put-together. Lyrically, musically, and energy-wise, it all works. The vocals are appropriately mixed and sound right for this kind of hardcore - one of my constant complaints is how much vocals are underestimated in hardcore punk production. Guitars and fast drumming are not enough - vocal style counts. Good punk rock passes or fails on it. And that's what this is: straight-ahead, bulldozing, good hardcore punk. Folks have often mentioned "d-beat" in reviews of this LP, and I suppose there's that influence on this LP, but to me I'm getting more of a Rorschach-meets-MDC-meets-early Absolution vibe. Not so much Discharge or Wolfbrigade or other bands usually associated with d-beat. Yes, Deathcycle's MySpace page and imagery is "dark," but that doesn't make them d-beat by itself.

The lyrics are dead-on. "Punk is a Joke" deals with the familiar, chronic frustration of punks' inability to translate their anti-establishment sentiment into any cohesive movement against authority outside the punk subcultural milieu. Once the show's over, the song seems to say, everyone goes back to their normal lives, and nothing changes, even if for a few brief minutes folks were pumping their fists righteously along to music that spoke of how fucked up society is. That's an old topic, but, hell, let's hammer it home some more, I say. I like the song "Hypo-Christian" a lot - especially its chorus "Christian ethics be damned!" as it has a late 80s crossover thrash vibe to me. "No RNC in NYC" refers to the protests against the Republican National Convention that occurred in 2004, and again it's a song that works lyrically and musically. The guitar is metallic and the pace is altered enough to keep this LP from being monotonous.

Chainsaw Safety Records have a real winner on their hands with this release and I have to agree with all the other positive reviews I've encountered on other pages and in other 'zines. Very much worth getting and I'd love to see this band live. Oliver

<http://www.chainsawsafetyrecords.com>

Out With A Bang "I'm Against It" Ep

This is a reissue of the original limited pressing of this Italian band's debut. At first it was a one-sided 12" but this version is the more familiar 7" Ep. Musically, we've got some noisy and fast primeval hardcore here. Similar to label-mates the Formaldehyde Junkies (R.I.P.) they focus on the snottiness, with the result being 8 tracks of "rocking", dirty, sped-up punk like back in the early days. Think Sick Pleasure meets early Gang Green... get it! Mike M.

<http://www.fashionableidiots.com>

Rabies "Test Your Might" Lp

First off, this a really fun record. Perfect for summer, this LP has "Southern California" written all over it. A great follow up to their 7" from last year, you get 13 more songs of So Cal hardcore, highly influenced by early to mid 80s acts like the Descendents, Bla'st, Ill Repute and the Adolescents. There's a good balance between the all out ragers and some slightly slower, grooving tunes. Great vocals cover the cool guitarwork and myriad of tempo changes. There are a couple of covers in the mix - an interesting take on a Meat Puppets song and slow, noodling cover of a Magnolia Thunderpussy track which finishes off the album. The final track is a bit of buzzkill, plodding along for over 2 and a half minutes.... good enough the first time around but subsequently skipped over on further listenings. Aside from this misstep, we've got a great LP here with the only complaint being that it's over too fast. Mike M.

<http://www.deep fry bonaza.com>

Reagan SS "Bon Appetit!" Ep

Brand new Ep from a band I'd thought was long gone... Not having released anything for a couple of years I figured these guys called it quits a while back. The new material is right in line with the earlier stuff - if you dug the 7" on 625, you will dig this one. For those not familiar, Reagan SS play hardcore that's rooted somewhere between the early 80s and the late 90s "fastcore" scene. 5 big time ragers in 4 minutes... 'nuff said. Mike M.

<http://www.myspace.com/rabiddogrecords>

Said and Done "Everyday" CD

Formerly known as Stab Back (whose sole EP, "Breaking Out", I never got the chance to hear), this Dutch outfit is now operating as Said and Done, and I had been looking forward to hearing their debut "full-length" (12 tracks, 25 minutes, good enough), "Everyday" (on Shield Recordings), for awhile now. And sure enough, it delivers in full, with loads of diverse yet still relatively straightforward hardcore - complete with token power chords, plodding bass runs, punchy midpaced rhythms, and even some nice little lead breaks. Inspired by the likes of the Cro-Mags and Bad Brains (among others), oddly enough they sound not so similar to either of those bands, but rather a number of other worldwide hardcore acts in recent years who are also inspired by said legends. They're rockin' a relatively dry recording that gives the bass just enough room to roam around, opting for a natural sense of depth and texture as opposed to overly crunchy "heaviness" or anything like that. This is especially beneficial for the vocals, which have a pretty unique vibe happening in terms of shouting/yelling in key or however you want to describe it. I don't know, for whatever reason I just love the vocals, and they really help to additionally build upon the band's own identity, which is great. It's cool, because for the most part this is fairly traditionally-based stuff, but it doesn't sound like some retro old school throwback at all, nor is it particularly "metallic", so... hey, fuck it, listen for yourselves. I'm way into it. -Andrew

<http://www.theshieldhardcore.com>

Severed Head Of State "Power Hazard" Ep

Man, Felix Havoc knows how to pick them. I always heard about SHOS but never heard their music in large doses before. If you like all the recent stuff like World Burns to Death & Damage Case, then this release is for you. Unrelentless, powerful modern hardcore here for the entire 8 tracks. I love the song titles, "Corpse of Hope" and "A Future Like A Guillotine" strike a chord with me. Nice cover and layout too. Havoc being Havoc, has released this on Cd with an earlier 2003 disc, making it an extra special package. Get it, get it, get it! Dave K.

<http://www.havocrex.com>

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HARDCORE GIG VOLUME # 48
THURSDAY APRIL 19TH 8:30PM - \$6
8173 LOUIS ST
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ

W/ THE BRUTAL KNIGHTS
FROM TORONTO

W/ DUST HEADS
HARDCORE FROM BROOKLYN

THE SNEEPS
ROCK N' ROLL FROM NYC

Easter Kids
FAST HARDCORE FROM PA

HELLHOLE
NEW HC BAND FROM NJ

HARDCORE GIG VOLUME # 55

TUESDAY MAY, 8TH
6:30PM - \$6
@ 75 LOUIS ST
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ

FRACTION
FROM FRANCE ON FERAL WARD RECORDS

WITCH HUNT
PHILLY PUNKS 21+

full of fancy
NEW JERSEY POWER POP

TBA

HARDCOREGIGVOLUME@YAHOO.COM

UNDER PRESSURE
SEARCH AND DESTROY

APRIL 30TH

DEFECT
OF OFFERINGS / LARRY GARS
BALLS DEEP
THE SINGLETONS

LIBEL GALLERY
500 FORTUNE

7:30PM ALL AGES NO ROOZE

PRESENTED BY 1015 WPM

contra toda a auTOURidade

OI POLLOI
anarkopunk de Edimburgo

VIOLENCIA VIOLETA
pancrockroasts desde o oeste e subúrbios

+BANDAS LOCAIS

02 Maio - Vigo (Galiza) - Iguaña Club
03 Maio - Coimbra -
04 Maio - Lisboa - Os Jornaleiros (Santos)
05 Maio - Aljustrel - Sindicato Mineiros
06 Maio - Faro - Ass. Músicos Faro

http://antleatouridade.blogspot.com

ATTITUDE PROBLEM
MEMBERS OF FACEDOWNINSHIT

DOUBLE NEGATIVE
The Wonderful and Frightening World of
LP/CD OUT SOON-No Way Records

plus more

WED-APRIL 4TH-RALEIGH, NC-1304 FLINT ST. 9:PM

2008

Fuck the Facts
Gang Stunters
The Body Bore in
Less than
homage

PUNK ROCK SHOW

WED MAY 9

SICK FIX
RECORD RELEASE

COKE BVS!
I'm back, light, wicked fast
100% original, DC Hardcore

IN DEFENCE
early 80's inspired hardcore from NYC

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM CUT IT LOOSE
WMEC
3138 Campus Dr
College Park, MD

FRIDAY, APRIL 6TH Fathead&C presents...

OVT WITH A BANG
the most inept Italian punk band you'll EVER see! shit
USA tour kickoff shows...

7pm (at) Nobodies House
(2541 15th Ave S) w/
COMMIE WASTE SUNDOWNERS

THE SNEEPS PANDAMANTUM

11pm (at) Memory Lanes
(2520 26th Ave S) w/
BORN BAD

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS
THE FUCK YEARS

WWW.IGCANCU.ORG

IGCANCU
2° ANIVERSARIO

29.04
ARCM FARO 16H

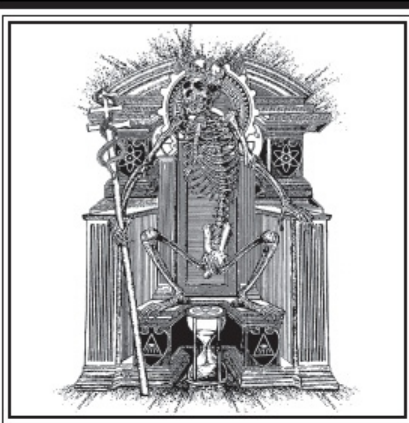
DAY OF THE DEAD
MEN EATER
UNFAIR
MY CUBIC
EMOTION
BROKEN DISTANCE

APPEARING IN:
THE BONEZONE in RVA
THURS APRIL 5TH @ 8pm
w/ GOV'T WARNING & CLOAK/DAGGER

THE VICIOUS

US TOUR APRIL '07

AGRESSION
OPRESSED LOGIC
HARVEY AND THE BLOODLETTERS
SHOOTIN' LUCY • THE IMMORTALS



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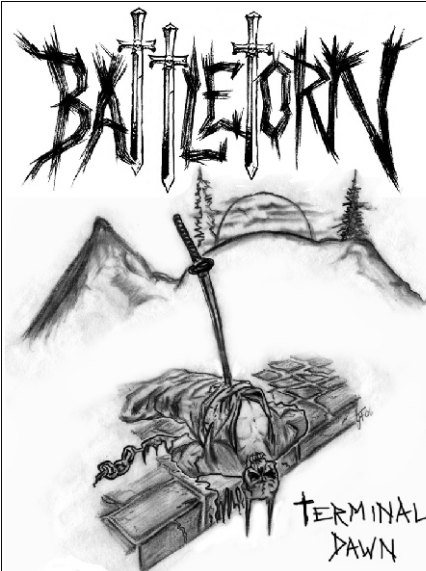
OUT OF STEP

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BY RAYMOND McCREA JONES
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DAWN

New LP by NYC thrashcore maniacs
due out April 2007 on MATW.

US tour to follow, see site for info.

www.battleorn.net

www.myspace.com/battleorn



www.matwrecords.com

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length from
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area hc band.



No Comply /

xBrainiax - split 7"
Midwest violence
blast maniacs
meet long-time
Floridian skate
hardcore heros.



Agathocles /

SMG - split 7"
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mince meets
grindcore from
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a prolific duo

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Violent, primitive swedish hardcore punk,
early 80's style

CD/LP out early March Terröten Rec/Havoc Rec

www.terrotten.com www.havocrex.com
www.myspace.com/kvoterangen



JUNE 23RD & 24TH, 2007

NO WAY RECORDS PRESENTS:



NO WAY FEST!



DAY 1:

BAD^(VA) WASTED TIME^(VA)
ADVICE SET TO EXPLODE^(DC) CIVIC
CAUSTIC CHRIST^(PA) PROGRESS^(NO)
ACID REFLUX^(NY) SOCIAL CIRCLE^(MA)
CAREER SUICIDE^(CANADA) DIRECT CONTROL^(VA)

DAY 2:

SOCIALCIDE^(VA) DEEP SLEEP^(ND)
LIFE CRISIS^(TN) CLOAK DAGGER^(VA)
LIFE^(TN) CHRONIC CARDIAC
TRAP SEIZURE ARREST^(NO)
DOUBLE NEGATIVE^(NC)
GOVERNMENT WARNING^(VA) SICK PLEASURE^(CA)

TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE:
\$15 A DAY, OR \$25 FOR 2 DAY PASSES
www.alleykatz.musictoday.com

HAPPENING AT: ALLEYKATZ RVA
10 WALNUT ALLEY RICHMOND, VA, 23223

WWW.NOWAYRECORDS.COM



www.thirdxparty.com

THY | ELS SEY



<http://www.myspace.com/quickfixfanzine>